

[We copy this from the National Era. It has the initials of J. G. Whittier.]

THOMAS ELLWOOD.

COMMEND me to autobiographies! Give me the veritable notchings of Robinson Crusoe on his stick—the indubitable records of a life long since swallowed up in the blackness of darkness, traced by a hand the very dust of which has become undistinguishable. The foolishlest egotist who ever chronicled his daily experiences, his hopes and fears, poor plans, and vain reachings after happiness, speaking to us out of the Past, and thereby giving us to understand that it was quite as real as our Present, is in no mean sort our benefactor, and commands our attention, in spite of his folly. We are thankful for the very vanity which prompted him to bottle up his poor records and cast them into the great sea of Time, for future voyagers to pick up; for we note, with the deepest interest, that in him too was enacted that miracle of a conscious existence, the reproduction of which in ourselves awes and troubles us. He, too, had a mother; he hated and loved; the light from old-quenched hearths shone over him; he walked in the sunshine over the dust of those who had gone before him, just as we are now walking over his. These records of him remain, the footmarks of a long-extinct life, not of mere animal organism, but of a being like ourselves, enabling us, by studying their hieroglyphic significance, to decipher and see clearly into the mystery of existence centuries ago. The dead generations live again in these old self-biographies. Incidentally, unintentionally, yet in the simplest and most natural manner, they make us familiar with all the phenomena of life in the by-gone ages. We are brought in contact with real flesh and blood men and women, not the ghostly outline figures which pass for such, in what is called History. The horn lantern of the poor biographer, by the aid of which, with painful minuteness, he chronicled, from day to day, his own outgoings and incomings, making visible to us his pitiful wants, labors, trials, and tribulations of the stomach and of the conscience, sheds, at times, a strong, clear light upon contemporaneous activities; what seemed before half fabulous, rises up in distinct and full proportion; we look at statesmen, philosophers, and poets, with the eyes of those who lived perchance their next-door neighbors, and sold them beer, and mutton, and household stuffs, had access to their kitchens, and took note of the fashion of their wigs and the color of their breeches. Without some such light, all history would be just about as unintelligible and unreal as a dimly-remembered dream.

The journals of the early Friends or Quakers are in this respect invaluable. Little, it is true,

can be said, as a general thing, of their literary merits. Their authors were plain, earnest men and women, chiefly intent upon the substance of things, and having withal a strong testimony to bear against carnal wit and outside show and ornament. Yet, even the scholar may well admire the power of certain portions of George Fox's journal, where a strong spirit clothes its utterance in simple downright Saxon words—the quiet and beautiful enthusiasm of Pennington—the torrent energy of Edward Burrough—the serene wisdom of Penn—the logical acuteness of Barclay—the honest truthfulness of Sewell—the wit and humor of John Roberts, (for even Quakerism had its apostolic jokers, and drab-coated Robert Halls,) and last, not least, the simple beauty of Woolman's Journal—the modest record of a life of good works and love.

Let us look at the "Life of THOMAS ELLWOOD." The book before us is a hardly-used Philadelphia reprint, bearing date of 1775. The original was published some sixty years before. It is not a book to be found in fashionable libraries, or noticed in fashionable reviews, but it is none the less deserving of attention.

Ellwood was born in 1639, in the little town of Crowell, in Oxfordshire. Old Walter, his father, was of "gentlemanly lineage," and held a commission of the peace under Charles I. One of his most intimate friends was Isaac Pennington, a gentleman of estate and good reputation, whose wife, the widow of Sir John Springette, was a lady of superior endowments. Her only daughter, Gulielma, was the playmate and companion of Thomas. On making this family a visit, in 1658, in company with his father, he was surprised to find that they had united with the Quakers—a sect then little known, and everywhere spoken against. Passing through the vista of nearly two centuries, let us cross the threshold, and look with the eyes of young Ellwood upon this Quaker family. It will doubtless give us a good idea of the earnest and solemn spirit of that age of religious awakening.

"So great a change from a free, debonair, and courtly sort of behavior, which we had formerly found there, into so strict a gravity as they now received us with, did not a little amuse us, and disappointed our expectations of such a pleasant visit as we had promised ourselves.

"For my part, I sought, and at length found, means to cast myself into the company of the daughter, whom I found gathering flowers in the garden, attended by her maid, also a Quaker. But when I addressed her after my accustomed manner, with intention to engage her in discourse, on the foot of our former acquaintance, though she treated me with a courteous mien, yet, as young as she was, the gravity of her looks and behavior struck such an awe upon me, that I found myself not so much

master of myself as to pursue any further converse with her.

"We staid dinner, which was very handsome, and lacked nothing to recommend it to me but the want of mirth and pleasant discourse, which we could neither have with them, nor, by reason of them, with one another; the weightiness which was upon their spirits and countenances keeping down the lightness that would have been up in ours."

Not long after, they made a second visit to their sober friends, spending several days, during which they attended a meeting, in a neighboring farmhouse, where we are introduced by Ellwood to two remarkable personages—EDWARD BURROUGH, the friend and fearless reprovcr of Cromwell, and by far the most eloquent preacher of his sect; and JAMES NAYLOR, whose melancholy after history of fanaticism, cruel sufferings, and beautiful repentance, is so well known to the readers of English history under the protectorate. Under the preaching of these men, and the influence of the Pennington family, young Ellwood was brought into fellowship with the Quakers. Of the old justice's sorrow and indignation at this sudden blasting of his hopes and wishes in respect to his son, and of the trials and difficulties of the latter in his new vocation, it is now scarcely worth while to speak. Let us step forward a few years, to 1662, considering meantime how matters, political and spiritual, are changed in that brief period. Cromwell—the Maccabeus of Puritanism—is no longer among men; Charles the Second sits in his place; profane and licentious cavaliers have thrust aside the sleek-haired, painful-faced Independents, who used to groan approval to the scriptural illustrations of Harrison and Fleetwood; men easy of virtue, without sincerity, either in religion or politics, occupying the places made honorable by the Miltons, and Pym, and Vanes of the commonwealth. Having this change in view, the light which the farthing candle of Ellwood sheds upon one of these illustrious names will not be unwelcome. In his intercourse with Penn, and other learned Quakers, he had reason to lament his own deficiencies in scholarship, and his friend Pennington undertook to put him in a way of remedying the defect.

"He had," says Ellwood, "an intimate acquaintance with Dr. Paget, a physician of note in London, and he, with John Milton, a gentleman of great note for learning throughout the learned world, for the accurate pieces he had written on various subjects and occasions.

"This person, having filled a public station in the former times, lived a private and retired life in London, and, having lost his sight, kept always a man to read for him, which usually was the son of some gentleman of his acquaintance, whom, in kindness, he took to improve in his learning.

"Thus, by the mediation of my friend, Isaac Pennington with Dr. Paget, and through him with John Milton, was I admitted to come to him, not as a servant to him, nor to be in the house with him, but only to have the liberty of coming to his house at certain hours when I would, and read to him what books he should appoint, which was all the favor I desired.

"He received me courteously, as well for the sake of Dr. Paget, who introduced me, as of Isaac Pennington, who recommended me, to both of whom he bore a good respect. And, having inquired divers things of me, with respect to my former progression in learning, he dismissed me to provide myself with such accommodations as might be most suitable to my studies.

"I went, and took lodgings as near to his house (which was then in *Jewen street*) as I conveniently could, and from thenceforward went every day in the afternoon, except on the first day of the week, and, sitting by him in his dining room, read to him such books in the *Latin* tongue as he pleased to have me read.

"He, perceiving with what earnest desire I had pursued learning, gave me not only all the encouragement, but all the help he could. For, having a curious ear, he understood by my tone when I understood what I read, and when I did not, and accordingly could stop me, examine me, and open the most difficult passages to me."

Thanks, worthy Thomas, for this glimpse into John Milton's dining-room!

He had been with "Master Milton," as he calls him, only a few weeks, when, being one "first day morning," at the *Bull and Mouth* meeting, *Aldersgate*, the train-bands of the city, "with great noise and clamor," headed by Maj. Rosewell, fell upon him and his friends. The immediate cause of this onslaught upon quiet worshippers was the famous plot of the Fifth Monarchy men, grim old fanatics, who (like the Millerites of the present day) had been waiting long for the personal reign of Christ and the saints upon earth, and, in their zeal to hasten such a consummation, had sallied into London streets with drawn swords and matchlocks. The government took strong measures for suppressing dissenters' meetings or "conventicles;" and the poor Quakers, although not at all implicated in the disturbance, suffered more severely than any others. Let us look at the "freedom of conscience and worship" in England under that irreverent Defender of the Faith, Charles II. Ellwood says: "He that commanded the party gave us first a general charge to come out of the room. But we, who came thither at God's requiring to worship Him, (like that good man of old, who said, *we ought to obey God rather than man*.) stirred not, but kept our places. Whereupon, he sent some of his soldiers among us, with command to drag or drive us out—which they did roughly enough." Think of it, grave men and women, and modest maidens, sitting there with calm, impassive countenances, motionless as death, the pikes of the soldiery closing about them in a circle of bristling steel! Brave and true ones! Not in vain did ye thus oppose God's silence to the Devil's uproar—Christian endurance and calm persistence in the exercise of your rights as Englishmen and men to the hot fury of impatient tyranny! From your day down to this, the world has been the better for your faithfulness.

Ellwood and some thirty of his friends were marched off to prison in old Bridewell, which, as well as nearly all the other prisons, was already crowded with Quaker prisoners. One of the rooms

of the prison was used as a torture chamber. "I was almost affrighted," says Ellwood, "by the dismalness of the place; for, besides that the walls were all laid over with black, from top to bottom, there stood in the middle a great whipping-post."

"The manner of whipping there is, to strip the party to the skin, from the waist upward, and, having fastened him to the whipping-post, (so that he can neither resist nor shun the strokes,) to lash his naked body with long, slender twigs of holly, which will bend almost like thongs around the body; and these, having little knots upon them, tear the skin and flesh, and give extreme pain."

To this terrible punishment aged men and delicately nurtured young females were often subjected during this season of hot persecution.

From the Bridewell Ellwood was at length removed to Newgate, and thrust in, with other "Friends," amidst the common felons. He speaks of this prison, with its thieves, murderers, and prostitutes, its over-crowded apartments, and loathsome calls, as "a hell upon earth." In a closet, adjoining the room where he was lodged, lay for several days the quartered bodies of Phillips, Tongue, and Gibbs, the leaders of the Fifth Monarchy rising, frightful and loathsome, as they came from the bloody hand of the executioners! These ghastly remains were at length obtained by the friends of the dead, and buried. The heads were ordered to be prepared for setting up in different parts of the city. Read this grim passage of description:—

"I saw the heads when they were brought to be boiled. The hangman fetched them in a dirty basket, out of some by-place, and setting them down among the felons, he and they made sport of them. They took them by the hair, flouting, jeering, and laughing at them; and then, giving them some ill names, boxed them on their ears and cheeks; which done, the hangman put them into his kettle, and parboiled them with bay salt and cummin seed: *that* to keep them from putrefaction, and *this* to keep off the fowls from seizing upon them. The whole sight, as well that of the bloody quarters first, as this of the heads afterwards, was both frightful and loathsome, and begat an abhorrence in my nature."

At the next session of the municipal court at the Old Bailey, Ellwood obtained his discharge. After paying a visit to "my Master Milton," he made his way to Chalfont, the home of his friends the Penningtons, where he was soon after engaged as a Latin teacher. Here he seems to have had his trials and temptations. Gulielma Springette, the daughter of Pennington's wife, his old playmate, had now grown to be "a fair woman of marriageable age," and, as he informs us, "very desirable, whether regard was had to her outward person, which wanted nothing to make her completely comely, or to the endowments of her mind, which were every way extraordinary, or to her outward fortune, which was fair." From all which, we are not surprised to learn that "she was secretly and openly sought for by many of almost every rank and condition." "To whom," continues Thomas, "in their respective turns, (till he at

length came for whom she was reserved,) she carried herself with so much evenness of temper, such courteous freedom, guarded by the strictest modesty, that as it gave encouragement or ground of hope to none, so neither did it administer any matter of offence or just cause of complaint to any."

Beautiful and noble maiden! How the imagination fills up this outline limning of thee by thy friend, and, if truth must be told, admirer! Serene, courteous, healthful—a ray of tenderest and blindest light, shining steadily in the sober gloom of that old household! Confirmed Quaker as she is, shrinking from none of the responsibilities and dangers of her profession, and therefore liable at any time to the penalties of prison and whipping-post, under that plain garb and in spite of that "certain gravity of look and behavior" which, as we have seen, on one occasion awed young Ellwood into silence, youth, and beauty, and refinement assert their prerogatives; love knows no creed, and the gay, and titled, and wealthy, crowd around her, suing in vain for her favor.

"Followed, like the tided Moon,
She moves as calmly on,"

"until he at length comes for whom she was reserved," and her name is united with that of one worthy even of her—the wise, and gifted, and world-renowned WILLIAM PENN.

Meantime, one cannot but feel a good degree of sympathy with young Ellwood, her old schoolmate and playmate, placed, as he was, in the same family with her, enjoying her familiar conversation and unreserved confidence; and, as he says, the "advantageous opportunities of riding and walking abroad with her, by night as well as by day, without any other company than her maid; for, so great, indeed, was the confidence that her mother had in me, that she thought her daughter safe, if I was with her, even from the plots and designs of others upon her." So near, and yet, alas! in truth, so distant! The serene and gentle light which shone upon him, in the sweet solitudes of Chalfont, was that of a star, itself unapproachable. As he himself meekly intimates, she was reserved for another. He seems to have fully understood his own position in respect to her; although, to use his own words, "others, measuring me by the propensity of their own inclinations, concluded I could steal her—run away with her and marry her." Little did these jealous surmisers know of the true and really heroic spirit of the young Latin master. His own apology and defence of his conduct, under circumstances of temptation which St. Anthony himself could have scarcely better resisted, will not be amiss:

"I was not ignorant of the various fears which filled the jealous heads of some concerning me, neither was I so stupid nor so divested of all humanity as not to be sensible of the real and innate worth and virtue which adorned that excellent dame, and attracted the eyes and hearts of so many, with the greatest importunity, to seek and solicit her: nor was I so devoid of natural heat as not to feel some sparklings of desire, as well as others; but the

force of truth and sense of honor suppressed whatever would have risen beyond the bounds of fair and virtuous friendship. For I easily foresaw, that, if I should have attempted anything in a dishonorable way, by fraud or force, upon her, I should have thereby brought a wound upon mine own soul, a foul scandal upon my religious profession, and an infamous stain upon mine honor, which was far more dear unto me than my life. Wherefore, having observed how some others had befooled themselves, by misconstruing her common kindness (expressed in an innocent, open, free, and familiar conversation, springing from the abundant affability, courtesy, and sweetness of her natural temper) to be the effect of a singular regard and peculiar affection to them, I resolved to shun the rock whereon they split; and, remembering the saying of the poet—

'Felix quem faciunt aliena Pericula cantum,'

I governed myself in a free yet respectful carriage towards her, thereby preserving a fair reputation with my friends, and enjoying as much of her favor and kindness, in a virtuous and firm friendship, as was fit for her to show or for me to seek."

Well and worthily said, poor Thomas! Whatever might be said of others, thou, at least, wast no coxcomb. Thy distant and involuntary admiration of "the fair Guli" needs, however, no excuse. Poor human nature, guard it as one may, with strictest discipline and painfully cramping environment, will sometimes act out itself; and, in thy case, not even George Fox himself, knowing thy beautiful young friend, (and doubtless admiring her too, for he was one of the first to appreciate and honor the worth and dignity of woman,) could have found it in his heart to censure thee!

At this period, as was indeed most natural, our young teacher solaced himself with occasional appeals to what he calls "the Muses." There is reason to believe, however, that the Pagan sisterhood whom he ventured to invoke seldom graced his study with their personal attendance. In these rhyming efforts, scattered up and down his journal, there are occasional sparkles of genuine wit, and passages of keen sarcasm, tersely and fitly expressed. Others breathe a warm devotional feeling; in the following brief prayer, for instance, the wants of the humble Christian are condensed in a manner worthy of Quarles or Herbert:

"Oh! that mine eye might closed be
To what concerns me not to see;
That deafness might possess mine ear
To what concerns me not to hear;
That Truth my tongue might always tie
From ever speaking foolishly;
That no vain thought might ever rest
Or be conceived in my breast;
That by each word, and deed, and thought,
Glory may to my God be brought!
But what are wishes? Lord, mine eye
On Thee is fixed, to Thee I cry:
Wash, Lord, and purify my heart,
And make it clean in every part;
And when 't is clean, Lord, keep it too,
For that is more than I can do."

The thought in the following extracts from a poem, written on the death of his friend Penning-

ton's son, is trite, but not inaptly or inelegantly expressed:

"What ground, alas, has any man
To set his heart on things below,
Which, when they seem most like to stand,
Fly like the arrow from the bow!
Who's now atop ere long shall feel
The circling motion of the wheel!"

"The world cannot afford a thing
Which to a well-composed mind
Can any lasting pleasure bring,
But in itself its grave will find.
All things unto their centre tend—
What had beginning must have end!"

"No disappointment can befall
Us, having Him who's ALL IN ALL!
What can of pleasure him prevent
Who hath the Fountain of Content?"

In the year 1663 a severe law was enacted against the "sect called Quakers," prohibiting their meetings, with the penalty of banishment for the third offence! The burden of the prosecution which followed fell upon the Quakers of the metropolis, large numbers of whom were heavily fined, imprisoned, and sentenced to be banished from their native land. Yet, in time, our worthy friend Ellwood came in for his own share of trouble, in consequence of attending the funeral of one of his friends. An evil-disposed justice of the county obtained information of the Quaker gathering; and, while the body of the dead was "borne on Friends' shoulders through the street, in order to be carried to the burying-ground, which was at the town's-end," says Ellwood, "he rushed out upon us with the constables and a rabble of rude fellows whom he had gathered together, and, having his drawn sword in his hand, struck one of the foremost of the bearers with it, commanding them to set down the coffin. But the Friend, who was so stricken, being more concerned for the safety of the dead body than for his own, lest it should fall, and any indecency thereupon follow, held the coffin fast; which the justice observing, and being enraged that his word was not forthwith obeyed, set his hand to the coffin, and with a forcible thrust threw it off from the bearers' shoulders, so that it fell to the ground in the middle of the street, and there we were forced to leave it; for the constables and rabble fell upon us, and drew some and drove others into the inn. Of those thus taken," continues Ellwood, "I was one. They picked out ten of us, and sent us to Aylesbury jail.

"They caused the body to lie in the open street and cartway, so that all travellers that passed, whether horsemen, coaches, carts, or wagons, were fain to break out of the way to go by it, until it was almost night. And then, having caused a grave to be made in the unconsecrated part of what is called the churchyard, they forcibly took the body from the widow, and buried it there."

He remained a prisoner only about two months, during which period he comforted himself by such verse-making as follows, reminding us of similar enigmas in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*:

"Lo! a Riddle for the wise,
In the which a Mystery lies.

" RIDDLE.

"Some men are free whilst they in prison lie;
Others who ne'er saw prison, captives die.

" CAUTION.

"He that can receive it may,
He that cannot, let him stay,
Not be hasty, but suspend
Judgment till he sees the end.

" SOLUTION.

"He's only free indeed, who's free from sin,
And he is fastest bound, that's bound therein."

In the mean time, where is our "Master Milton?" We left him deprived of his young companion and reader, sitting lonely in his small dining-room, in Jewen street. It is now the year 1665—is not the pestilence in London!—A sinful and godless city, with its bloated bishops, fawning around the Nell Gwyns of a licentious and profane Defender of the Faith—its swaggering and drunken cavaliers—its ribald jesters—its obscene ballad-singers—its loathsome prisons, crowded with God-fearing men and women—is not the measure of its iniquity already filled up! Three years only have passed since the terrible prayer of Vane went upward from the scaffold on Tower Hill: "When my blood is shed upon the block, let it, oh God, have a voice afterward!" Audible to thy ear, oh bosom friend of the martyr! has that blood cried from earth; and now, how fearfully is it answered! Like the ashes which the seer of the Hebrews cast towards heaven, it has returned in boils and blains upon the proud and oppressive city. John Milton, sitting blind in Jewen street, has heard the toll of the death bells, and the night-long rumble of the burial-carts, and the terrible summons, "BRING OUT YOUR DEAD!" The Angel of the Plague, in yellow mantle, purple-spotted, walks the streets. Why should he tarry in a doomed city, forsaken of God! Is not the command, even to him, "Arise! and flee for thy life!" In some green nook of the quiet country, he may finish the great work which his hands have found to do. He be-thinks him of his old friends, the Penningtons, and his young Quaker companion, the patient and gentle Ellwood. "Wherefore," says the latter, "some little time before I went to Aylesbury jail, I was desired by my quondam Master Milton to take an house for him in the neighborhood where I dwelt, that he might go out of the city for the safety of himself and his family, the pestilence then growing hot in London. I took a pretty box for him in Giles Chalfont, a mile from me, of which I gave him notice, and intended to have waited on him and seen him well settled, but was prevented by that imprisonment. But now being released and returned home, I soon made a visit to him, to welcome him into the country. After some common discourse had passed between us, he called for a manuscript of his, which having brought, he delivered to me, bidding me take it home with me

and read it at my leisure, and when I had so done, return it to him with my judgment thereupon."

Now, what does the reader think young Ellwood carried in his great-coat pocket across the dikes and hedges and through the green lanes of Giles Chalfont that autumn day? Let us look further: "When I came home, and had set myself to read it, I found it was that excellent poem which he entitled *PARADISE LOST*. After I had, with the best attention, read it through, I made him another visit; and, returning his book with due acknowledgment of the favor he had done me in communicating it to me, he asked me how I liked it, and what I thought of it, which I modestly but freely told him; and, after some further discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him, 'Thou hast said much here of *Paradise Lost*; what hast thou to say of *Paradise Found*?' He made me no answer, but sat some time in a muse, then brake off that discourse, and fell upon another subject."

"I modestly but freely told him what I thought" of *Paradise Lost*! What he told him remains a mystery. One would like to know more precisely what the first critical reader of that song "of man's first disobedience" thought of it. Fancy the young Quaker and blind Milton sitting some pleasant afternoon of the autumn of that old year, in "the pretty box" at Chalfont, the soft wind through the open window lifting the white hair of the glorious old poet. Backslidden England, plague-smitten, and accursed with her faithless church and libertine king, knows little of poor "Master Milton," and takes small note of his puritanic verse-making. Alone, with his humble friend, he sits there, conning over that poem which, he fondly hoped, the world, which had grown all dark and strange to the author, "would not willingly let die." The suggestion in respect to *Paradise Found*, to which, as we have seen, "he made no answer, but sat some time in a muse," seems not to have been lost; for, "after the sickness was over," continues Ellwood, "and the city well cleansed, and become safely habitable again, he returned thither; and when afterwards I waited on him there, which I seldom failed of doing whenever my occasions drew me to London, he showed me his second poem, called '*PARADISE GAINED*;' and, in a pleasant tone, said to me, '*This is owing to you, for you put it into my head by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which before I had not thought of.*'"

Golden days were these for the young Latin reader, even if it be true, as we suspect, that he was himself very far from appreciating the glorious privilege which he enjoyed, of the familiar friendship and confidence of Milton. But they could not last. His amiable host, Isaac Pennington—a blameless and quiet country gentleman—was dragged from his house by a military force, and lodged in Aylesbury jail; his wife and family forcibly ejected from their pleasant home, which was seized upon by the government as security for the fines imposed upon its owner. The plague was in

the village of Aylesbury, and in the very prison itself; but the noble-hearted Mary Pennington followed her husband, sharing with him the dark peril. Poor Ellwood, while attending a monthly meeting at Hedgerly, with six others, (among them one Morgan Watkins, a poor old Welshman, who, painfully endeavoring to utter his testimony in his own dialect, was suspected by the Dogberry of a justice of being a Jesuit trolling over his Latin,) was arrested, and committed to Wiccomb House of Correction.

This was a time of severe trial for the sect with which Ellwood had connected himself. In the very midst of the pestilence, when thousands perished weekly in London, fifty-four Quakers were marched through the almost deserted streets, and placed on board a ship, for the purpose of being conveyed, according to their sentence of banishment, to the West Indies. The ship lay for a long time, with many others similarly situated, a helpless prey to the pestilence. Through that terrible autumn, the prisoners sat waiting for the summons of the ghastly Destroyer; and, from their floating dungeon,

"Heard the groan
Of agonizing ships from shore to shore;
Heard nightly plunged beneath the sullen wave
The frequent corse."

When the vessel at length set sail, of the fifty-four who went on board, twenty-seven only were living. A Dutch privateer captured her, when two days out, and carried the prisoners to North Holland, where they were set at liberty. The condition of the jails in the city, where were large numbers of Quakers, was dreadful in the extreme. Ill-ventilated, crowded, and loathsome with the accumulated filth of centuries, they invited the disease which daily decimated their cells. "Go on!" says Pennington, writing to the king and bishops from his plague-infected cell in the Aylesbury prison, "try it out with the Spirit of the Lord, come forth with your laws, and prisons, and spoiling of goods, and banishment, and death, if the Lord please, and see if ye can carry it! Whom the Lord loveth, He can save at pleasure. Hath He begun to break our bonds and deliver us, and shall we now distrust him? Are we in a worse condition than Israel was when the sea was before them, the mountains on either side, and the Egyptians behind pursuing them!"

Brave men and faithful! It is not necessary that the present generation, now quietly reaping the fruit of your heroic endurance, should see eye to eye with you in respect to all your testimonies and beliefs, in order to recognize your claim to gratitude and admiration. For, in an age of hypocritical hollowness and mean self-seeking, when, with a few noble exceptions, the very Puritans of Cromwell's Reign of the Saints were taking profane lessons from their old enemies, and putting on an outside show of conformity, for the sake of place or pardon, ye maintained the austere dignity of virtue, and, with king, and church, and parliament arrayed against you, vindicated the rights of con-

science, at the cost of home, fortune, and life. English liberty owes more to your unyielding firmness than to the blows stricken for her at Worcester and Naseby.

In 1667, we find the Latin teacher in attendance at a great meeting of Friends, in London, convened at the suggestion of George Fox, for the purpose of settling a little difficulty which had arisen among the Friends, even under the pressure of the severest persecution, relative to the very important matter of "wearing the hat." George Fox, in his love of truth and sincerity, in word and action, had discountenanced the fashionable doffing of the hat, and other flattering obeisances towards men holding stations in church or state, as savoring of man-worship—giving to the creature the reverence only due to the Creator—as undignified and wanting in due self-respect, and tending to support unnatural and oppressive distinctions among those equal in the sight of God. But some of his disciples evidently made much more of this "hat testimony" than their teacher. One John Perrott, who had just returned from an unsuccessful attempt to convert the pope, at Rome, (where that dignitary, after listening to his exhortations, and finding him in no condition to be benefited by the spiritual physicians of the Inquisition, had quietly turned him over to the temporal ones of the Insane Hospital,) had broached the doctrine that, in public or private worship, the hat was not to be taken off, without an immediate revelation or call to do so! Ellwood himself seems to have been on the point of yielding to this notion, which appears to have been the occasion of a good deal of dissension and scandal. Under these circumstances, to save truth from reproach, and an important testimony to the essential equality of mankind from running into sheer fanaticism, Fox summoned his tried and faithful friends together, from all parts of the United Kingdom, and, as it appears, with the happiest result. Hat-revelations were discountenanced, good order and harmony reestablished, and John Perrott's beaver, and the crazy head under it, were from thenceforth powerless for evil. Let those who are disposed to laugh at this notable Ecumenical Council of the Hat, consider that ecclesiastical history has brought down to us the records of many larger and more imposing convocations, wherein grave bishops and learned fathers took each other by the beard upon matters of far less practical importance.

In 1669, we find Ellwood engaged in escorting his fair friend, Gulielma, to her uncle's residence in Sussex. Passing through London, and taking the Tunbridge road, they stopped at *Seven Oak* to dine. The Duke of York was on the road, with his guards and hangers-on, and the inn was filled with a rude company. "We hastened," says Ellwood, "from a place where we found nothing but rudeness; the roysterers who swarmed there, besides the damning oaths they belched out against each other, looked very sourly upon us, as if they grudged us the horses which we rode and the clothes we wore." They had proceeded but a

little distance, when they were overtaken by some half dozen drunken rough-riding cavaliers, of the Wildrake stamp, in full pursuit after the beautiful Quakeress. One of them impudently attempted to pull her upon his horse before him, but was held at bay by Ellwood, who seems, on this occasion, to have relied somewhat upon his "stick," in defending his fair charge. Calling up Gulielma's servant, he bade him ride on one side of his mistress, while he guarded her on the other. "But he," says Ellwood, "not thinking it perhaps decent to ride so near his mistress, left room enough for another to ride between." In dashed the drunken retainer, and Gulielma was once more in peril. It was clearly no time for exhortations and expostulations, "so," says Ellwood, "I chopped in upon him, by a nimble turn, and kept him at bay. I told him I had hitherto spared him, but wished him not to provoke me further. This I spoke in such a tone as bespoke an high Resentment of the Abuse put upon us, and withal, pressed him so hard with my Horse, that I suffered him not to come up again to Guli." By this time, it became evident to the companions of the ruffianly assailant that the young Quaker was in earnest, and they hastened to interfere. "For they," says Ellwood, "seeing the contest rise so high, and probably fearing it would rise higher, not knowing where it might stop, came in to part us; which they did, by taking him away."

Escaping from these sons of Belial, Ellwood and his fair companion rode on through Tunbridge Wells, "the streets thronged with men, who looked very earnestly at them, but offered them no affront," and arrived, late at night, in a driving rain, at the mansion house of Harbert Springette. The fiery old gentleman was so indignant at the insult offered to his niece, that he was with difficulty dissuaded from demanding satisfaction at the hands of the Duke of York.

This seems to have been his last ride with Gulielma. She was soon after married to William Penn, and took up her abode at Worminghurst, in Sussex. How blessed and beautiful was that union may be understood from the following paragraph of a letter, written by her husband, on the eve of his departure for America to lay the foundations of a Christian colony:

"My dear Wife! remember thou wast the love of my youth, and much the joy of my life—the most beloved, as well as the most worthy of all my earthly comforts; and the reason of that love was more thy inward than thy outward excellences, which yet were many. God knows, and thou knowest it, I can say it was a match of Providence's making; and God's image in us both was the first thing and the most amiable and engaging ornament in our eyes."

About this time, our friend Thomas, seeing that his old playmate at Chalfont was destined for another, turned his attention towards a "young friend, named Mary Ellis." He had been for several years acquainted with her, but now he "found his heart secretly drawn and inclining towards

her." "At length," he tells us, "as I was sitting all alone, waiting upon the Lord for counsel and guidance in this, in itself and to me, important affair, I felt a word sweetly arise in me, as if I had heard a voice which said, *Go, and prevail!* and faith springing in my heart at the word, I immediately rose and went, nothing doubting." On arriving at her residence, he states that he "solemnly opened his mind to her," which was a great surprisal to her, for she had taken in an apprehension, as others had also done, that his eye had been fixed elsewhere and nearer home. "I used not many words to her," he continues, "but I felt a divine power went along with the words, and fixed the matter expressed by them so fast in her breast that, as she afterwards acknowledged to me, she could not shut it out."

"I continued," he says, "my visits to my best beloved friend until we married, which was on the 28th day of the eighth month, 1669. We took each other in a select meeting of the ancient and grave Friends of that country. A very solemn meeting it was, and in a weighty frame of spirit we were." His wife seems to have had some estate; and Ellwood, with that nice sense of justice which marked all his actions, immediately made his will, securing to her, in case of his decease, all her own goods and moneys, as well as all that he had himself acquired before marriage. "Which," he tells, "was indeed but little, yet, by all that little, more than I had ever given her ground to expect with me." His father, who was yet unreconciled to the son's religious views, found fault with his marriage, on the ground that it was unlawful, and unsanctioned by priest or liturgy; and consequently, refused to render him any pecuniary assistance. Yet, in spite of this and other trials, he seems to have preserved his serenity of spirit. After an unpleasant interview with his father, on one occasion, he wrote, at his lodgings in an inn, in London, what he calls "A Song of Praise." An extract from it will serve to show the spirit of the good man in affliction:

"Unto the Glory of Thy Holy Name,
Eternal God! whom I both love and fear,
I hereby do declare, I never came
Before Thy throne, and found Thee loth to hear,
But always ready with an open ear.
And, though sometimes Thou seem'st Thy face to
hide,
As one that had withdrawn his love from me,
'Tis that my Faith may to the full be tried,
And that I thereby may the better see
How weak I am when not upheld by Thee!"

The next year, 1670, an act of parliament, in relation to "Conventicles," provides that any person who should be present at any meeting, under color or pretence of any exercise of religion, in other manner than according to the liturgy and practice of the Church of England, "should be liable to fines of from five to ten shillings; and any person preaching at or giving his house for the meeting, to a fine of twenty pounds—one third of the fines being received by the informer or inform-

ers." As a natural consequence of such a law, the vilest scoundrels in the land set up the trade of informers and heresy-hunters. Wherever a dissenting meeting or burial took place, there was sure to be a mercenary spy, ready to bring a complaint against all in attendance. The Independents and Baptists ceased, in a great measure, to hold public meetings, yet even they did not escape prosecution. Bunyan, for instance, in these days, was dreaming, like another Jacob, of angels ascending and descending, in Bedford prison. But upon the poor Quakers fell, as usual, the great force of the unjust enactment. Some of these spies or informers, men of sharp wit, close countenances, pliant tempers, and skilled in dissimulation, took the guise of Quakers, Independents, or Baptists, as occasion required, thrusting themselves into the meetings of the proscribed sects, ascertaining the number who attended, their rank and condition, and then informing against them. Ellwood, in his journal for 1670, describes several of these emissaries of evil. One of them came to a Friend's house, in Bucks, professing to be a brother in the faith, but, overdoing his counterfeit Quakerism, was detected and dismissed by his host. Betaking himself to the inn, he appeared in his true character, drank and swore roundly, and confessed over his cups that he had been sent forth on his mission by the Rev. Dr. Mew, Vice Chancellor of Oxford. Finding little success in counterfeiting Quakerism, he turned to the Baptists, where, for a time, he met with better success. Ellwood, at this time, rendered good service to his friends, by exposing the true character of these wretches, and bringing them to justice for theft, perjury, and other misdemeanors.

While this storm of persecution lasted, (a period of two or three years,) the different dissenting sects felt, in some measure, a common sympathy, and, while guarding themselves against their common foe, had little leisure for controversy with each other; but, as was natural, the abatement of their mutual suffering and danger was the signal for renewing their suspended quarrels. The Baptists fell upon the Quakers, with pamphlet and sermon; the latter replied in the same way. One of the most conspicuous of the Baptist disputants was the famous Jeremy Ives, with whom our friend Ellwood seems to have had a good deal of trouble. "His name," says Ellwood, "was up for a topping Disputant. He was well read in the fallacies of logic, and was ready in framing Syllogisms. His chief art lay in tickling the humor of rude, unlearned, and injudicious hearers.

The following piece of Ellwood's, entitled "*An Epitaph for Jeremy Ives*," will serve to show that wit and drollery were sometimes found even among the proverbially sober Quakers of the seventeenth century:

"Beneath this stone, depressed doth lie
The Mirror of Hypocrisy—
Ives, whose mercenary tongue
Like a Weathercock was hung,
And did this or that way play,

As Advantage led the way.
If well hired, he would dispute,
Otherwise, he would be mute.
But, he 'd bawl for half a day,
If he knew and liked his pay.

"For his person, let it pass;
Only note his face was brass.
His heart was like a pumice stone,
And for Conscience he had none.
Of *Earth* and *Air* he was composed
With *Water* round about enclosed.
Earth in him had greatest share,
Questionless, his life lay there;
Thence his cankered Envy sprang,
Poisoning both his heart and tongue.

"Air made him frothy, light, and vain,
And puffed him with a proud disdain.
Into the *Water* oft he went,
And through the water many sent,
That was, ye know, his element!
The greatest odds that did appear
Was this, for aught that I can hear,
That he in *cold* did others dip,
But did himself *hot* water sip.

"And his cause he'd never doubt,
If well soaked o'er night in Stout;
But, meanwhile, he must not lack,
Brandy, and a draught of Sack.
One dispute would shrink a bottle
Of three pints, if not a pottle.
One would think he fetched from thence
All his dreamy eloquence.

"Let us now bring back the Sot
To his Aqua Vita pot,
And observe, with some content,
How he framed his argument.
That his whistle he might wet,
The bottle to his mouth he set,
And, being Master of that Art,
Thence he drew the *Major* part,
But left the *Minor* still behind;
Good reason why, he wanted wind;
If his breath would have held out,
He had *Conclusion* drawn, no doubt."

The residue of Ellwood's life seems to have glided on in serenity and peace. He wrote, at intervals, many pamphlets in defence of his society and in favor of liberty of conscience. At his hospitable residence, the leading spirits of the sect were warmly welcomed. George Fox and William Penn seemed to have been frequent guests. We find that, in 1683, he was arrested for seditious publications, when on the eve of hastening to his early friend, Gulielma, who, in the absence of her husband, Governor Penn, had fallen dangerously ill. On coming before the judge, "I told him," says Ellwood, "that I had that morning received an express out of Sussex, that William Penn's wife (with whom I had an intimate acquaintance, and strict friendship, *ab ipsis fere incunabilis*, at least, *a teneris unguiculis*) lay now ill, not without great danger, and that she had expressed her desire that I would come to her as soon as I could." The judge said, "He was very sorry for Madam Penn's illness," of whose virtues he spoke very highly, but not more than was her due. Then he

told me, "that, for her sake, he would do what he could to further my visit to her." Escaping from the hands of the law, he visited his friend, who was by this time in a way of recovery; and, on his return, learned that the prosecution had been abandoned.

At about this date his narrative ceases. We learn, from other sources, that he continued to write and print in defence of his religious views up to the year of his death, which took place in 1713. One of his productions, a poetical version of the Life of David, may be still met with, in the old Quaker libraries. On the score of poetical merit, it is about on a level with Michael Drayton's verses on the same subject. As the history of one of the firm confessors of the old struggle for religious freedom, as a genial-hearted and pleasant scholar, as the friend of Penn and Milton, and the suggester of *PARADISE REGAINED*, we trust our hurried sketch has not been altogether without interest; and that, whatever may be the religious views of our readers, they have not failed to recognize a good and true man in Thomas Ellwood.

From Chambers' Journal.

BELIEF AND CONVICTION.

BETWEEN these two there is all the difference in the world. Perhaps there are scarcely ten thieves or dishonest tradesmen in England who do not *believe* that "honesty is the best policy;" but the actual conduct of each shows clearly enough that they are not *convinced* of this truth. Men scarcely ever act from opinions to which they have given merely theoretical assent. Unless the mind has been compelled into conviction by the reasons and grounds of assent having been repeated over and over again, brought before their eyes, and forced into their attention by instances and examples constantly renewed and impressed indelibly by the frequency with which they are presented—unless, I say, this be the way in which opinions are formed, they have not the slightest influence over men's actions. Just as in the material world the unceasing operation of some force, such as gravitation, is necessary to carry on and keep up with constancy the movement of the universe, where no mere casual impulse would suffice to produce aught beyond a momentary start, so in the world of thought and moral action, it is no bare and momentary sight of the truth which can effect anything practical. The wisdom of age and experience is precisely this—*conviction from long familiarity with the proofs* of those truths which the young and inexperienced have merely read in books or heard from others. If you tell a young and vigorous man that he will injure his health by this or that practice, he will probably give his verbal assent; but no *impression* is made on the mind, and he proceeds to do that which the older man has so strongly associated with the feelings of pain and disease consequent on it, that even if he were as young and healthy, he would not, and could not neglect the danger. The statements of science are *believed* by the great mass of people of course on trust. If you tell one who is

totally ignorant of astronomy, that on such a day a hundred years to come there will be an eclipse, he will believe it; but if any great stake depended upon it, such as his fortune or his life, he would immediately become restless and unsatisfied, showing clearly that his *belief* was not *conviction*, whilst the astronomer, who had gone carefully through every step of the investigation, would be perfectly at ease.

No one can ever become a man of decided character, whose opinions are not thus founded on "conviction," as opposed to mere "belief." For some excellent remarks on this point, the reader is referred to that admirable work, "Foster's Essays." For, without firm grounds for his "belief," he will "waver about with every wind of doctrine." If we examine the daily conduct of all classes of society, we see in every one this want of "conviction." If a set of propositions were drawn up, on which half a million of people agreed, by nine tenths of them would the greater portion be violated in their conduct. Take, for instance, a set of such assertions as those relating to the preservation of health. "Fresh air is necessary," "Exercise is necessary," "Moderation in eating and drinking," &c. &c. Now, if people really were *convinced* of these facts, their conduct would show it. But they are *not* convinced, or anything like it. Nothing is so difficult as to *convince* people of the most obvious and generally admitted truths, especially if their own welfare depends upon acting on these truths. You may easily enough find persons to support aerial machines, impossible railways, or any other absurdity; but directly you try to make them *act* in accordance with principles, the truth of which they have admitted all their lives, you find you are talking to empty air. If one ten-thousandth part of the money, time, and energy were employed in putting into practice the most simple and evident truths, which are now squandered in useless vagaries, the comfort, health, wealth, and happiness of all classes throughout Europe would be more advanced in two years than in the last two hundred years. What is wanted is not a crusade to preach new opinions, but to get everybody to act up to those he already has. The object to be aimed at is the substitution of that thorough, clear-sighted, determined "conviction" which impels a man on as effectually as if the pains and punishment of neglect were staring him in the face, and about to fall on him immediately—the substitution of this for that lazy "belief" which gives assent because it is no more trouble than to dissent. Money won easily is lost again easily: opinions taken up without much care are either changed in the same way, or at any rate remain barren, lifeless, useless things. It is only by going carefully through every reason on which they are founded, and by thus having the mind deeply and frequently impressed with the reality of the truth, that these profitless and empty "beliefs" can be converted into practical principles. The difference between one man and another will be found to depend very greatly on the attention he has given to the *proofs* and *reasons* of things. The creed of one man is his own property, for he has made it himself; that of another is made up of odds and ends borrowed from all sources, often disagreeing with each other, and having no firm foundation whatever. Such a man is "unstable as water, and shall not prevail."

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE MERCHANT.

CHAPTER I.

* We might discover an interesting chapter of human life, well filled with curious facts, could we board that noble East Indiaman just entering the Plymouth docks, and read the hearts and the lives, as well as scan the features, of the anxious crowd who, gathered together on her deck, appear all impatient to land. Seldom could we find more variety of character and circumstance.

We must, of necessity, mingle with that group, for from among it have we to single out the chief subject of our tale. Ah! now you cast a curious eye around. It is not that young dragoon, with twisted moustache, and sallow skin, who, on account of ill-health, is returning to join the depot of his regiment; nor is it that very lovely, delicate-looking woman, who, for the same cause, has been sent by a husband, far more advanced in years, to reside for a while with his family in England, on whom the young soldier we have just mentioned is bestowing many little attentions, of the same class as those by which he has striven to alleviate the dullness of the long voyage to her. It is not that veteran hero who has fought on so many bloody fields; not that imperious judge, whose arbitrary behests are obeyed by his servants with trembling haste; nor is it that pale, sickly widow, who presses her young child to her breast, and anxiously reflects on what welcome will await her and her orphan at the family hearth of him who was her protector and support. It is none of these (though each may have a tale to tell) that I am seeking earnestly. But I discover him now; and though you did not fix on him for a hero, and exclaim triumphantly, "This is he!" yet, when you mark him closer, you shall acknowledge that perhaps I have chosen well, or at least, that twenty years ago he must have been admirably qualified to sustain the character. Nay, reader, when you are as well acquainted with him as I intend to make you, you shall confess that (strange as it seems to talk of romance at forty!) he yet retains most of the necessary ingredients of a hero. You hinted at twenty years ago. Well, it is exactly twenty years since Edmund Neville quitted his native land, never to set foot on her shores till this very day; and at his departure he was all that you may suppose him to have been, from what you see now. Those locks, now whitened by a fiery sun, by arduous toil, by grief of heart, were then of a glossy chestnut; those lips, now habitually compressed, wore then a smile of uncommon sweetness, into which they can still occasionally relax; those thoughtful, mournful eyes, then sparkled with hope; that well-proportioned figure, that wears an air of becoming dignity, had then an elasticity and freedom of motion at once graceful and exhilarating to behold. No young adventurer ever set out with a more sanguine spirit than did Edmund Neville; and now he returns with feelings of loneliness and depression even far beyond those usually entertained by the exiles of many years. He had quitted England an orphan, but not, therefore, without leaving fond hearts to mourn at his departure. Destitute of fortune—loving passionately the beautiful sister of a friend, by whom he was in turn beloved, and who was as portionless as himself—he turned with the ardor of youth, and of a sanguine and energetic temperament, to bright prospects which opened to him in the East, promising to return in a few, a very few

years, to claim Juliet Markham as his bride, and again to seek with her a golden land. It was twenty years ago that he gave that promise—and it is yet unfulfilled. The most indefatigable application was rewarded by gradual advancement; but she for whom all his efforts were made, meanwhile sickened and died, while he labored for her in a distant land, and did not learn, for months after the event, that she who animated all his endeavors had passed into that state in which all he could bestow could profit her nothing. Still he did not abandon his avocations; he was far too wretched to be idle. In vast and splendid attempts he ran bold risks, and amassed princely wealth. At length he wearied of his labors; he felt a yearning for his native land, and yielded to the impulse, though to do so at that moment asked the sacrifice of thousands. He set sail for England, and proposed, the moment he reached her shores, to seek the dearest friend he possessed in her, the brother of his betrothed—a man happy in those domestic ties which Neville wanted, but slenderly furnished with the riches with which he was so amply supplied.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Markham, holding in his hand an open letter, which conveyed the welcome promise of Neville's arrival that very evening at the Grange, was standing with his wife before a picture representing a very beautiful girl in the costume worn twenty years before. Both gazed on it with mournful reflections. At length Mr. Markham said, "Shall we remove this picture, or shall we leave it here, Maria? Do you think that Edmund Neville will perceive Juliet's strong resemblance to it? Do you think the sight of it will distress him?"

"I know not what to advise," replied Mrs. Markham; "he cannot come here without being reminded of his youth; he must be aware of that, and yet, you see, he comes. If he must see Juliet, he may as well see the picture; it is one and the same thing."

"She is so exactly in age and person what my sister was when he parted from her," said Mr. Markham, thoughtfully and sadly—"so exactly what he may imagine her to have been when grieving over his absence. Poor Juliet! had he come a few months ago, when she was gay and happy, he would not have found a resemblance so distressing!"

"Does he ever mention his betrothed to you in his letters?"

"Never. He is one of those who never speak or write on subjects on which they feel acutely, unless duty calls for the exertion."

At this moment a pretty child ran into the room. "Tell me, dear papa," she said, "is the great 'Indian Nabob' really coming to see us?"

By this name the wealthy merchant often went in his friend's family, and it conveyed very mysterious ideas of him to the younger members of it. He was half identified in their minds with the strange idols which once arrived in one of the boxes of rich Indian curiosities which had often found their way to the Grange. Little Marion, having procured an answer to her first question, had still an important one to propound.

"Papa," she said, "we all very well know how beautiful and good Juliet is, and that she deserves much more than any of us; but how did Mr. Neville guess this, that he should always mark all his prettiest gifts with her name?"

Her father patted her cheek, amused by her

earnest curiosity, and replied with a smile, "Probably the benevolent fairy who presided at her christening, and gave her all her good gifts, floated across the ocean to whisper this in the ears of the nabob, Marion; what do you think?"

"Why, I really think that is very likely, papa," cried Marion, who loved the marvellous, and in her merry mood always feigned to credit the wildest fancies with which her favorite books abounded; and those favorite books, I almost fear to confess it, were no other than the Arabian Nights and other tales, with which I and those of my generation were allowed to delight ourselves; and which Mr. Markham, remembering the exquisite pleasure which he had enjoyed, had the good nature, if I may not say the good sense, to let his children enjoy also. And now Juliet entered; and you, my reader, seeing her thus for the first time, will wonder why Marion talked such nonsense as to call her beautiful, and why Mr. Markham appeared to hold the same opinion. Why should this pale girl, with her sad and serious countenance, and her listless step, be termed beautiful? Wait a little; perhaps she will raise those drooping eye-lids, fringed with their long black eye-lashes; then shall you behold eyes of a wondrous lustre—large, liquid, gray eyes—that beam with intellect and with feeling. Perhaps she will speak, and you will see a brilliant glow mount up on her cheek, and fade away again as quickly; you will see two rows of pearly teeth; and, if Marion can make her smile, you will see a hundred dimples play around her mouth. Ah! if you had beheld her a few months since, I need not have written all this to convince you that she is lovely.

Juliet has not yet seen her nineteenth birth-day. What can have worked so great a change in one so young? Nay, reader, why ask the question? Sure I am that every one who reads this passage can answer it. It is true that the heart of youth is not easily cast down; it triumphs over dangers, difficulties, hardships, sufferings, poverty; it recovers the loss of friends, the defeat of projects; it can hope on, and continue to pursue the happiness which has a thousand times eluded its grasp; it can do all this; but there are pangs at which older hearts mock, and at which it will mock too, in its turn—pangs which, to the young, fresh, ardent heart, are as the severing of soul and body, inexpressibly agonizing.

And Juliet, this beautiful young girl, what is it but that she has drunk the first draught of the bitter waters of Marah—the waters of disappointment? And before she tasted of them she fancied herself in the garden of Eden, so happy and rejoicing was she; but now it seems to her that she has suddenly discovered herself to be a wanderer and an outcast in the waste howling wilderness. Now may she, with George Herbert, say, not repiningly, but with a grateful, though a broken, spirit:—

"At first thou gav'st me milk and sweetness—
I had my wish and way:

My days were strewed with flowers and happiness—

There was no month but May;

But with my years sorrow did twist and grow,
And made a party, unawares, for woe."

Juliet, languid as she was, shared the eager wish for the arrival of her father's noble-hearted merchant friend. She knew well the history of his early love and grief, and could trace in memory a fair vision of her aunt, which she cherished with the utmost tenderness. Everything that remained of her, in the hearts and minds of those who had known

and loved her, and in the memorials which she had left behind, conveyed the impression of so much tenderness and truth, such meekness and devotion of spirit, such touching resignation, that Juliet could not but believe that she had been a being rarely equalled, and never to be forgotten. She felt that she could conceive and sympathize with the feelings of him who was now about to return to her home, and would find her not. She contrasted their fates with her own; and, though she wept for them, the tears which she shed for herself were far more bitter. They had loved with unbroken constancy and unshaken trust. Juliet sickened as she remembered the beautiful image which had once been enshrined in her heart, and then looked on it disfigured and dethroned, lying in shame and degradation in the dust; and, first to love, and then to despise—Juliet thought that no dart from the quiver of Death could inflict a wound like this.

CHAPTER III.

At length evening came, and with it came Mr. Neville, and the merchant was quite unlike what any one of the expecting group had supposed that he would prove. Mr. Markham, who had parted from a fiery, enthusiastic youth, was scarcely prepared for the calm dignity of his manhood. The children, who regarded him from a distance with something of the awe and curiosity which a Bengal tiger might inspire, were amazed by the sweetness and gentleness of his voice and manner. Juliet had not thought that he would look so old, but, in spite of his whitened hair and bronzed skin, the unquenched fire of his dark eye, the whiteness of his teeth, and the freedom of his movements, quickly removed the impression of advanced age. Mrs. Markham was surprised to find him so young.

After the first warm greeting of the friends was over, and the feelings excited by it had partly subsided, Mr. Neville showed how desirous he was to make acquaintance with each member of the little group. Juliet was quite in the background, and her little brothers and sisters crowded round her, and completely shut her out from view. Her father put them aside, and called her to him. She well knew the tide of painful associations which must fill the stranger's breast on hearing her name, and on beholding her for the first time. She advanced with head and eyes inclined downwards; her raven hair was drawn back from her classic brow; the color mounted visibly on her cheek, then rushed back, leaving her colorless as marble. She breathed quickly with agitation. Her father glanced at his friend as she approached. He saw him start, and briefly, but tenderly, he said:—

"This is my eldest child, my Juliet."

Taking her hand, he placed it in that of Neville, and by a kind pressure spoke his acquaintance and sympathy with all that was passing in his breast. Neville was in a dream;—one of those heart-sickening dreams in which we act over again the happy scenes of youth.

"Oh, miserable power to dreams allowed!"

None of the supernatural horrors, the terrific perils, which we often encounter in sleep, cause half the pain which we experience in retracing reality step by step.

Juliet felt Neville's hand tremble; the moment that she could withdraw hers, she fell back, and a few hot tears rolled down her cheek unperceived.

Neville grew absent in his replies, and declined all refreshment, though he had travelled far. His

friend interpreted these signs as weariness, and conducted him to the chamber prepared for him. When alone together, they could not abstain from retrospections of the past. At length Neville himself alluded to the perfect resemblance which Juliet bore to her whom he had left as fresh a flower, blooming in the same soil. As he spoke his countenance changed, his manly voice faltered. Emotion banished self-possession. He resolved that this comment should be made for the first and last time. He would never again venture to approach this subject.

When Neville was left to himself, he found it impossible to obtain rest. Old recollections haunted and agonized him. Visions of an hour's birth flitted before him. In vain did he attempt to separate the Juliet who was not, and the Juliet who was. He trembled on the brink of a discovery, that to him they must henceforth be the same. He passed a night of restless pain, shamed and harassed by this strange intermixture of the past with the present. He rose with the dawn, and threw open the window of his chamber to breathe the morning air, which seldom fails to refresh the sickest head or heart. He gazed forth on a scene once so familiar to him, and retraced with little difficulty every feature of it. While thus employed, he forgot the lapse of time. Suddenly the sound of the church-bell struck his ear. What village ceremony is about to take place! He felt a superstitious desire that no funeral train should meet his eye, as the omen attending his first return to the Grange. He was diverted from his fears by beholding his host issue from the house with his family, and, quitting the garden, take the winding path over the rising common, which he so well knew led immediately to the church porch. He quickly descried among the group the slight form of Juliet. He saw, too, how the younger children hung about her with fondness, and her father drew her tenderly to his side. Neville's eyes were fixed upon her till she disappeared among the trees which bounded the common. Then he covered his face with his hands, and in his loneliness he wept. It was as if he had returned to find Juliet in unimpaired youth and beauty, while, in himself, all freshness of feeling, all liveliness of hope, all elasticity of spirit, had been numbed by the touch of time. The contrast was bitter.

CHAPTER IV.

Neville was roused from his deep reverie by the merry shouts of the children as they came bounding over the common on their return. The merchant prepared to join his friend, and, after their first greeting, asked an explanation of the proceeding he had witnessed. "Was it not uncommon?"

"No, not uncommon," replied Mr. Markham; "for it is of daily occurrence. At this hour Mr. Villiers, the excellent clergyman whom we have now possessed more than six months, performs the Morning Service, and many, with little detriment to their necessary avocations—though few, I believe, without some slight self-sacrifice—are able to attend. We find it the most beneficial, the most pleasurable mode of commencing the day that we can follow."

"To-morrow I will so commence it with you," replied Neville, readily; and Juliet, who had just reached the spot where they stood, was pleased with the cheerful alacrity of his voice. Neville's eye rested attentively on her as soon as she appeared. Her cheek was glowing, and her eyes were sparkling, with the exercise she had taken; but he watched all this brilliancy fade away, and an expression of mournful resignation overspread her

countenance. "She does not look happy," he thought; and throughout the day he could not banish from his mind this distressing supposition.

The time passed chiefly in familiar conversation between the two friends; by which, in a few hours, they realized the existing circumstances of each other more than they had done in the correspondence of years. Neville found that Markham enjoyed few of the superfluities of life. His children were frugally reared, and simply attired, which added vigor to their health, and charms to their beauty. His sons were carefully educated, and were already fitted for introduction into the world; to advance their fortunes Neville resolved should be his earliest care. Juliet owed chiefly to her aunt and god-mother a cultivation of mind and taste which might be a solid basis for further acquirements. Nature had gifted her with talents for the arts which she had formerly exercised with great delight, though with little knowledge; but that delight did not now exist. Her most pleasing occupation now was the instruction of her little sister in such rudiments as she could impart; and she was no unskilful teacher, as the progress of the lively, intelligent little Marion evinced. Neville saw, with vexation, that while Juliet welcomed him with all the cordiality due to her father's friend, yet, as much as possible, she withdrew from the conversation generally held, and her silence was less that of timidity than of abstraction. Clearly to ascertain whether the grief which he suspected did or did not exist—if it did, to proceed to the discovery of its cause, and finally to relieve it—became, ere evening, Neville's prevailing wish and design. But he was resolved that the impression made on him should receive corroboration solely from his own observation, and, actuated by delicacy, he abstained from communicating his doubts, by the slightest hint, to the parents of Juliet.

The following morning found him walking at her side towards the village church. She conversed with intelligence and animation until her father overtook them. Then she immediately fell back, and walked and talked with Marion, evidently with more real satisfaction. But in the church they were again side by side, and Neville could not but be sensible, that while they joined in the most impressive prayers which man ever framed wherewith to address his Maker, Julia wept—silently—as secretly as might be—but, calm as she ordinarily was, she could not here wholly restrain the emotion which betrayed a heart full to overflowing. Neville's first inquiry was answered.

CHAPTER V.

The merchant had not yet visited all his friends, and he wandered away by himself in the direction of a little thatched cottage on the borders of the common. Some yew trees, trimmed in grotesque shapes, formed an archway over the entrance into the garden, which was in perfect order. The most scrupulous cleanliness and neatness reigned within and without this little abode, and were equally remarkable in the person of its proprietor, an old, attenuated, wrinkled dame, in closely crimped cap and folded kerchief, who sat in a wicker chair, so placed as to afford her a view of her garden and gate. Neville cast a look around, which was evidently not the scrutiny of a stranger, but that of one who was seeking familiar things. The old woman, whose curiosity was easily stirred, cried: "Won't you walk in, sir, and gather some flowers?"

Neville silently accepted the invitation, and enter-

ing the garden picked some rich, dark wall-flowers as he passed them.

"Hester," he said, as he stood beside the old woman's chair; "you do not recollect me!"

"No, indeed, sir, I don't," she replied, after steadfastly surveying him.

Neville smiled, but it was mournfully.

"Bless me!" cried the old woman, resting her hands on her knees, and gazing up in his face; "there certainly is something in your smile that I ought to know."

"Indeed there is, Hester; and my name you cannot have forgotten,—it is Neville."

"Neville!—Is it possible!—You are Mr. Edmund, then. That ever I should live to see it! My poor young mistress! Ah! Mr. Edmund, how little did you or I think that you would come back to find this poor old withered body, and not to find her!" And she raised her bony hands to her face, and was for a while overpowered with the painful recollections which his presence awakened in her.

Neville was silent. His companion never was so for many minutes together, so she now recommenced:—

"When you stopped at my gate, I felt, I don't know why nor wherefore, for you are altogether changed, Mr. Edmund, that it was no stranger that was there. Now, if Miss Juliet had come down to me, as she often does, and said, 'Mr. Edmund is coming home, nurse,' I might have fancied that old times were come back again—for she is just my young lady to my eyes."

Neville started. How chanced it that his own wild thoughts were the first that found utterance from the lips of her whom he sought that he might learn the history of the past? He conquered his agitation, and replied:—"Hester, I should think that you could tell me as much of what passed after my departure as any one can."

Now perhaps it may seem strange that Neville thus sought the side of this aged rustic to listen to facts and comments—nay, more—to give utterance to feelings—all of which he would hush to silence in the intercourse between himself and Markham. Why does he feel it more endurable to listen to her unhesitating rehearsal, in her common phraseology, of circumstances which Markham would tremble to make known in the most guarded terms? There is something in the simplicity with which the poor mention the most startling and heart-breaking truths, which has a less painful effect than the timid allusions made to them by the more educated. Again and again the old woman touched on the likeness which his friend's daughter bore to her who should have been his bride, and declared that the likeness was borne out in her sweet and gentle temper; and Neville felt, that again and again could he return to her cottage, to hear her pursue the same theme. At length he said:—

"She seems to be more grave and silent than—than is natural at her age."

"Aye, indeed, she was blithe enough when you were here;—but, Mr. Edmund, if you had come a few months ago, you would not have had occasion to complain that Miss Juliet wanted life;—no, indeed. It did me good to see her coming with her merry laugh, that I was sure to hear before she was in sight; but now I watch her creeping along the common; and once, I declare, she passed the very gate, not knowing it, and turned back again with a start. Oh! it is a sad thing to see her; and enough to make your heart ache! She looks so like her who went before her, that I can't but think she's a going the same way!"

Neville gave a deep sigh.

"What ails her, nurse!—Do they not mark this change, and care for her health?"

"What ails her! Ah! Mr. Edmund, what is it that ails young folk!—You have not yet forgotten! But the other day she was standing just where you stand, looking so pale and sad—and I said to her: 'Don't let things press too heavily on your young heart; pray don't!' In a moment she was as red as that damask rose, and she cried: 'What do you mean, nurse! Nothing presses on my heart.' But I know very well that there does."

"Tell me all you know, Hester. I don't ask from curiosity."

"But here she comes herself, sir;" and Juliet was within a few steps of the gate. Her arrival entirely changed the nature of the discourse. A few kind and cheerful words passed between her and Hester, and then she left the cottage, accompanied by Neville.

"I hope Hester is a favorite with you all," he said. "She stands high in the list of the few friends England has to afford me."

"Oh, yes, we all love her for her warm heart, and for a cheerfulness and merriment which one little expects to find at her age, and not often in her class. I don't think such gayety is common among the poor; I suppose hard toil and hard fare wear down their spirits, and of the first Hester has had her share. Whenever we come to see her, however sick or weary we find her, she is always full of life before we quit her."

"You," said Neville, in a low voice, "must be especially dear to her, not only for your own sake, but for the sake of one whom she sees again in you."

He felt as if, in painfully uttering these words, he taught Juliet to expect from him that deep and fervent love which filled his heart, and revealed to her the necessity of its existence; and so to have done was some relief.

CHAPTER VI.

Neville, during the remainder of their walk, was as abstracted and spiritless as Juliet in her most dejected moments. She attributed his sadness to the remembrances of the past brought before him by the old domestic with whom he had been conversing, and she was deeply touched and interested when she perceived that years had not impaired his constancy, nor chilled his affections. She was inclined to muse on what seemed to her, smarting from recent disappointment, almost a phenomenon. She could not consider this faithful love without a disposition to repine, for she deemed his sufferings, bitter as they were, in nature preferable to those which she had undergone. Absorbed in these reflections, she walked sadly and silently by his side, little aware how much his thoughts were occupied by her; at length she felt that his eyes were fixed on her face, and that tears were stealing down her cheek. She turned her head away hastily.

"Juliet," said Neville, kindly, "surely I am a very old friend, if a very new acquaintance. There need no preliminaries to intimacy between us. Let me speak to you henceforth always in the former character. My first visit to your home must soon end. Impatience to see my dearest friend brought me here in such haste that I must depart again with no less speed; but I would, before I go, speak to you on subjects with which no stranger intermeddeth. Why should I speak to you as a stranger, Juliet—to you, the child of my friend, and far more to me than that alone could make you. I have

returned to England, Juliet, without relations, without friends; I bring with me princely wealth, and my chief object is to advance the interests and the happiness of my friend's children. I came here hoping to find no uneasiness that I could not remove. I discover it where it grieves me most to see it. From your own lips I would learn if I can do anything to promote your happiness."

Juliet made no reply, nor raised her eyes to his. She turned very pale, and trembled violently. Neville, in some alarm, drew her arm within his, exclaiming:—

"I have been too abrupt where I should have spoken most guardedly. Do not try to answer me, Juliet! Only think on what I have said, and communicate your wishes to me in any way you like. Consult with your parents, and let your father speak with me. All that I ask from you is candor, and believe me that to serve you will be the utmost happiness I can know."

Juliet strove to speak, but could not. The anguish of her countenance betrayed no common grief, and deeply distressed her companion.

"I will not leave you till you reach home," he said, in tones of regret and self-reproach, and they moved slowly down the shady lane which led to the grange. When within a short distance from the house, Juliet began in a low voice, which trembled at first, but grew firmer as she went on:—

"Mr. Neville, I cannot part from you without saying a few words in reply to an offer of such unbounded generosity and kindness. I feel indeed that you are no stranger to us in heart, and I will show you the candor you desire. The grief which you have marked in me is one which no remedy which you can propose could possibly remove. Pray forget its existence, and never recur to it again."

"I cannot bear to see you as you are, Juliet," said Neville, in a tone of deep feeling.

"Nor shall you," replied Juliet, with a dignity beyond her age. "I have said that you can do nothing for me, but I can do much for myself, and with the aid of Heaven, so I will. I will not long sadden those who love me by outward dejection."

"Nay, Juliet," interrupted Neville, glancing with alarm at her slight form and pallid cheek, "tax not your strength too severely."

"I am much better than I have been," she said, in her former tremulous tone, and for the first time a flood of tears came to her relief.

"Oh, Juliet! if, on further deliberation——"

"Urge me not, urge me not," exclaimed Juliet, vehemently. "You tempt me—and it is to certain misery!"

These mysterious words ended their discourse. She hastily opened the gate of the shrubbery, and, pointing out to Neville a path which led to the house, she abruptly turned into another.

CHAPTER VII.

Neville did not ask himself directly, whether any secret joy mingled with the pain which it cost him to see his scheme for Juliet's happiness overthrown. He soon forgot himself, to think solely of her, and the compassion which such thoughts awakened led him back again to his generous projects. As he passed the evening with his friend, he could not abstain from approaching the subject, and at length he repeated to him all that had passed. Mr. Markham's eyes glistened as he heard him; joy beamed in them though they swam with tears.

"She is a matchless girl!" he exclaimed, with

irrepressible emotion. "She is the most high-minded, the noblest creature! She speaks truly," he continued, after a pause, with more calmness. "Juliet has a natural energy which will not allow her to remain downcast. She has many to love, and she has many duties to perform, and she does perform them with all the ardor of an affectionate heart and a high spirit. I trust confidently that there is enough around her to enable a strong mind in all the vigor of youth to rally from deeper affliction than hers has been; for, though bitter, it is not of a nature to be lasting. Still I confess that to see, as we do at present, resignation holding the place of happiness, is a spectacle which touches us deeply."

"But must this be?" cried Neville. "Can nothing be effected to restore the latter?"

Mr. Markham extended his confidence further, and related these facts to his friend. The former incumbent of the living now held by Mr. Villiers, (and the resident at the rectory, so near to the grange,) had been a man of good education and considerable abilities, who eked out a scanty stipend by preparing young men for their entrance into the universities. These so-called pupils enjoyed, however, the main disposal of their own time, and profited as little or as much as pleased themselves by the powers of instruction certainly possessed, but not certainly exerted, by their tutor. Among those intrusted to his care, was the son of a great man, at least in his own estimation very great, for Sir Ralph Harvey was a man of very old family, and of unbounded pride, though by no means superabundantly wealthy. His son, Lyttelton Harvey, was handsome, impetuous, evidently headstrong, apparently resolute. His society was generally fascinating to those of his own age; it was especially so to the young and lovely girl whom he felt impelled to please by every means in his power. In a short time he was Juliet's passionate adorer. Mrs. Markham was not a very wise woman, Mr. Markham not a very prudent man—at least so Neville gathered from the details he heard. The first built castles in the air, and believed them founded on earth; the second did not recognize the danger till the evil was accomplished. Then he behaved like a man of honor and of resolution. He reminded Lyttelton of his youth; he forbade his visits to his house; he referred him to his father for a sanction of his passion, to time as a test of his earnestness. In consequence of these injunctions, he discovered that Lyttelton was rather rash than resolute. His arbitrary father had been from his earliest years the object of his fear, and he quailed in his presence, though, apart from him, he boasted of independence. Time also led him to consider that it was not wise for a man so young, and born to such hereditary honors, who might command a choice of the beauty, or rank, or wealth of England, to ally himself with one as destitute of the two more solid advantages as she was richly endowed with the first, and with "all with which Nature halloweth her daughters."

He began to acquiesce in the superior wisdom which had withheld him from carrying out a rash purpose, and, though he blushed to avow the complete change, he went so far as to inculcate resignation to Juliet, and to evince that he was an apt scholar in the lesson he taught. Juliet was quick-sighted, and had more than a common dignity and delicacy of perception. She recognized the alteration, and, smarting under the grief and the humiliation, she made it clearly known to Mr. Lyttelton Harvey, that she fully appreciated the wisdom of

her father's conduct, and the meek submission of his own. She returned some foolish tokens which were to have lived with her in life, and to have lain with her in the grave. Life is short, but we outlive many things which had a promise of durability. Mr. Lyttelton Harvey returned no more. It was almost equally fortunate for Juliet that Mr. Halifax, his tutor, departed soon afterwards, giving place to Mr. Villiers. The advantages which Juliet derived from this change were not confined to those which he conferred on her by his full and excellent discharge of all the pastor's duties. He brought with him to the rectory a sister whose whole life had been passed in his home; one who was endeared to him not only by her devoted love and excellent qualities, but by being one of those doomed to pain which admits of little alleviation from human skill—set apart to serve in suffering—a spectacle involved in mystery, and never to be looked on but with awe. Miss Villiers became to Juliet the best and wisest of earthly friends. To a heart of peculiar tenderness she joined the most enlightened and impartial views of life. Her understanding was highly cultivated, her judgment sound, her penetration acute, and her sympathy lively. Beside her couch Juliet spent many hours, and none without learning some lesson of high import. She had already regained her calmness; for cheerfulness she was yet striving. The strength of her resolution had this day been tested, and her father rejoiced to find that it had withstood all temptation to strive to win back what he esteemed well lost. He was convinced that Juliet's happiness could not be ensured by the recall of her youthful lover. Whether this truth was equally impressed on the mind of his wife he somewhat doubted, and, though she offered no contradiction to his comments on the facts which he communicated to her that night, she fell asleep and dreamed that she saw Lyttelton Harvey repentant at the feet of her pale child; and, before it was clear whether she would spurn him from her with majestic scorn, or whether she would melt into forgiveness, she awoke again to contemplate what she considered as sober certainty, Juliet's future endowment with at least a vast portion of the merchant's wealth.

CHAPTER VIII.

The merchant's first visit to the Grange was a very short one, but he promised that it should soon be repeated. His departure was followed by the arrival of a box of Indian treasures which he had promised to Mrs. Markham; but there were not, as there used to be, many things marked with Juliet's name, only a very beautiful and costly gold chain. An accompanying letter acquainted Mrs. Markham that Neville had chosen for Juliet a harp, and some drawings which her pencil might be worthily engaged in copying. Juliet saw that her father and mother were gratified. She sighed, and thought that Neville was very generous, more than she felt that he was very kind. She was averse to the occupation with which he had provided her; nevertheless, when once engaged, as she felt constrained to be, she derived a pleasure from them which won her from herself. She had never touched so fine an instrument before; never looked on any representations of nature so excellent as those which Neville had selected for her. She often thought of him, and went with pleasure to tell Hester that he was coming again, and for a much longer time than before. The old woman rejoiced, and detained Juliet to tell her tales of the past. She ended:

"Ah, Miss Juliet! the tears stood in his eyes when he spoke to me of your likeness to her that is gone. And you look more like yourself, and more like her as he knew her, than you did when he came. Now you must do all you can to cheer him; indeed you must."

"Well, so we will, all of us, and Marion too, and it will do him good to hear her laugh."

"No, Miss Juliet, it will do him more good to see you smile."

Juliet thought of these words as she went away, and she felt touched by the tender consideration in which it was evident that Neville held her.

Neville came, and he was rejoiced to see that Juliet met him with a countenance more animated, and a step less listless. He also perceived that the gold chain which the box had contained hung round her neck.

"Let us take our friend to see Mr. Villiers and his sister, Juliet," said her father, the day after Neville's arrival.

"Oh, yes," replied Juliet with alacrity, "let us take him to Miss Villiers without delay. Indeed, I promised to do so as soon as he returned. I have shown her all the beautiful drawings you have sent me, and have inspired her with a wish to make acquaintance with you."

"And Mr. Villiers?" said Neville.

"He is more silent, less clever than his sister; not less good. His countenance tells you how benevolent he is, but in society he speaks little on ordinary topics. I like better to meet him in a cottage or the school; his voice and his smile when he is with children are so gentle and so affectionate."

"Pray do not engage Juliet in the praises of her friends, if you wish to see them to-day," cried Mr. Markham, and they set out to the rectory.

Miss Villiers received her visitors with a courtesy of manner peculiarly her own. She possessed quick perception of character, and had a readiness in adapting herself to the tastes and habits of others, which caused every one, however much they differed from each other, to find time pass easily and delightfully in her society. The constancy and severity of her sufferings had never rendered her selfish, nor taught her to believe that the feelings and convenience of others must be without hesitation sacrificed to her own. On the contrary, every trifling instance of accommodation to her, and of sympathy for her, she received, not as a right, but as a favor.

Juliet had never yet seen Neville to such advantage as on this occasion; he was perfectly at his ease. With her he was often harassed by contending feelings; with Miss Villiers he readily followed in the track on which she led him, and conversed with her with remarkable judgment, knowledge, and taste, on subjects to which he had given previous thought. At length the two gentlemen rose to depart, for Mr. Villiers was not expected home. Juliet, much as she had enjoyed Neville's conversation, proposed to remain with Miss Villiers. With an affectionate smile, her friend acquiesced in her desire, and, as soon as they were alone, she said—

"My dear, what a very charming person your friend has proved; I had no idea you would bring me any one so handsome and so accomplished. It must be very delightful to spend days in his society, as you do, and it ought to be very improving, too, Juliet. I hope you will persuade him to come and see me again."

Juliet felt surprised that she had not made these observations for herself, for she acknowledged their

truth, and that they proceeded from Miss Villiers' mouth, gave them great additional weight. Juliet had previously told her of the circumstances which had connected Neville with their family, and they now recurred to that theme, with an interest diminished in neither by their intercourse with him.

"I see that he regards you with peculiar affection," said Miss Villiers. "I could hear the very tone of his voice alter when he spoke to you. You see, my dear, neither my eyes nor hearing are grown very dull yet."

As Juliet walked home, she reflected on the favorable impression which Neville had made on Miss Villiers, and came rapidly to the conclusion that hitherto she had not at all duly appreciated him. As she went through the village, she saw him at a little distance, and no sooner did he turn and perceive her, than he came towards her.

"May I accompany you in your walk?"

"Yes," replied Juliet, with frank satisfaction. "I have but a word to say at a cottage which we pass. I shall not delay you a moment, though, indeed, I know not why I should not defer this visit till to-morrow morning."

"I beg you not to do so. I like to see your English ways, Juliet, of which you know I have long lost sight. Above all, I like to see how you love these people, and how they love you. I prefer accompanying you now to doing so in a course of formal visits to people of elegance or fashion."

"Do you?" cried Juliet, with pleasure; "then we are quite agreed. I deplore my fate when the necessity arises which you describe. I yawn in anticipation—in retrospection; and it is only politeness and a little awe of mamma's indignation which prevents me from doing so at the time; but, when I go to yonder neat little cottage, I commonly stay twice as long as I intended. But don't look alarmed; I will not do so to-day."

"The reason why you do not find the conversation of these poor people dull, is probably because, however trivial their subject, it is usually one in which they themselves take a lively interest, and this gives them the power of exciting your sympathy. This is a law of our nature."

"Much that one hears from them is indeed interesting," replied Juliet, "but it is usually of a mournful nature. How seldom the poor seem gay! I suppose it is because they realize, so much more than any other class does, the curse under which man labors of earning his bread in the sweat of his brow."

"Apparently they do; but depend upon it, Juliet, that the curse falls not unfulfilled to the ground in any one instance. It extends from the peasant in his hut, to the king upon the throne."

"But those feel it most sharply who must toil unceasingly, or starve!"

"I would not depreciate the hardships which the poor undergo. I would only assert, on a broader scale, that, of all the modes of maintaining existence which necessity has invented, there is none without its peculiar sufferings, to which numbers of those who pursue it annually fall victims. The lawyer, the soldier, the physician, the statesman, those who encounter the perilous climate from which I return, all bear witness to this fact as much as the worn-out laborer, or the wretched artisan perishing of the pernicious atmosphere which he daily inhales. What is this but the universal working of the curse?—The curses of the fall have never been revoked. Men toil and die as they did before the Saviour of mankind came on earth, but,

according to the merciful law of God, who ever works good out of evil for his faithful servants, there is a call heard by those who meekly listen: 'Come unto me, ye who are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;' and the sting of death is plucked out."

"I see the truth of all your words," replied Juliet, "but still the sufferings of the poor are of a more sacred character than any others can assume. Our Lord shared their lot in life, and committed them to our charge, even as if they were himself—'I was an hungered.' Nor can I behold, without awe, pain such as the dear friend whom we saw to-day is visited with. Surely in those to whom pain is sanctified, as it is to her, we seem most plainly to discover the servants of a suffering master."

Juliet's countenance showed how deeply she felt on the subjects on which they spoke, and the mention of such themes created a stricter intimacy between her and her companion than had hitherto existed. Neville led her to speak of those with whose necessities she was well acquainted, and who were the objects of her sincere commiseration, and he did this with the generous design of enabling her to relieve them. There were not many cases of pressing and unalleviated distress in this small and happy village, but Juliet, with a beating heart, reflected on one act of charity, far beyond her own power, and which she had often most ardently wished to see effected. This was the apprenticeship of the son of a poor widow to a trade which he had been learning under his father during his lifetime, which he was incapable of pursuing alone and in which his mother could afford to give him no further instruction. Now Juliet knew these people well; she was quite sure that into this channel Neville's generosity might be safely directed. She could not speak without agitation. Her cheeks glowed and her eyes filled with tears as she tried to explain all the circumstances to Neville. He was not difficult to satisfy, and he proposed to visit the widow, and carry their purpose into execution before they returned home.

"It was there I was going," replied Juliet; and, quickening her steps, and not speaking again, her heart was so full, she eagerly led Neville in the desired direction.

Juliet was soon at the door of the widow's cottage.

"Go in by yourself," said Neville; "I will wait your return under that lime tree."

"You ought to have the pleasure of doing this," replied Juliet, hesitating.

"No, no; the poor woman would only be embarrassed by seeing me."

Juliet, feeling that he was equally delicate and generous, entered alone.

"Oh! my dear Mary!" she cried with delight, (taking both the hands of the poor widow in hers,) "I have some very, very good news for you, concerning George. Oh! my good little Anna, (she said to a child who was trying to attract her notice,) I cannot attend to you now—run and play."

"Go into the garden, dear," said her mother, and putting the child out at the door, she returned with a face of great agitation.

"Well, now I will tell you all," continued Juliet; "there is a friend staying with us, a friend of my father's. He is most kind, and good, and generous. He is rich too, and he inquired of me if I knew any case of distress which he could relieve; and I thought of George, and how glad you would be to

have him bound as an apprentice—and this he has promised to do."

Now if Juliet had not known her poor friend too well to expect words of thanks she would have been disappointed, for none came. Mary changed color, and looked ready to sink. Juliet made her sit down, and when she had done so, she took Juliet's hand, and pressed it repeatedly, but she could not speak. At length Juliet said, "I will come again to-morrow—you will then have had time to think over all this—and I will bring the gentleman with me."

Tears now came freely to the relief of the widow's full heart. "Thanks, thanks," she whispered, and Juliet, leaving the room, called Anna from the garden, and sent her to her mother, while she herself sought Neville. Her face wore a most touching expression of joy, for the tears of sympathy were still on her cheek; she took Neville's proffered arm, and exclaimed:

"I know not how to thank you, and I am sure she will never know how to thank you either;—with our lips I mean—with our hearts we do."

Neville made no reply; at length he said, in a voice of much emotion:

"Oh! Juliet, how have I desired to see you happy, and now I see you so; but it is only in the happiness of others."

Juliet answered in a low but firm voice:

"I am happy now." Then smiling she added, "Soon you will see me very happy, for my brother is coming home."

The next day Juliet and Neville did not forget their visit to Mary's cottage, nor did they omit anything that was requisite for the fulfilment of their benevolent purpose.

CHAPTER IX.

One morning, Juliet received a letter, the seal of which Neville saw her break with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes. After the first glance, she ran to the window, and beckoned to the younger children, who were playing in the lawn, to come to it. "Are there news of Albert?" they cried, as they obeyed her call.

"Yes, yes; he will be here this evening. Oh! what joy!" Mr. Markham entered the room. Juliet hastened towards him, and throwing her arms round his neck, cried: "Albert will be here to-night!"

Neville knew that Albert was the eldest son of his friend, or a year or two younger than Juliet. He was now at Sandhurst, receiving a military education. During the day, Neville talked with Mr. Markham of his future intentions with respect to his son, and told him that he thought his interest could procure him a cadetship, if it would be acceptable. This offer was received with gratitude for the kindness which prompted it, but Mr. Markham requested a little time for consideration ere he closed with it.

Evening came, and seven o'clock; the happy party walked down to a little bridge at a turn in the road, beyond which the coach did not come, and there awaited Albert's arrival. The children, ere long, wandered into the field at the road side, to play. Mr. and Mrs. Markham walked up and down, the latter wondering that Neville did not join them; but Juliet had placed herself where she should see the coach the moment it appeared; and Neville was at her side, as if his interest were as lively as her own. At length the trampling of horses' feet caught Juliet's ear; then the children

came running to the spot, and Mr. and Mrs. Markham followed. Now the horses gallop up the slight ascent—they stop—a young gentleman descends in haste from the coach-box and runs to greet them. Now they have all welcomed him, and they gaze with fond admiration on his tall, active figure and handsome face; his clear brown eye and chestnut curls, and complexion glowing with health and joy. Neville has shaken hands with him, and they begin to move homewards. Juliet is hung on Albert's arm, as if he engrossed every thought and feeling; and they talked earnestly to each other in a low voice, as if they neither wished to be addressed or to be heard by any one else. Neville felt his first sensations of depression and restraint return in all their force; he felt quite out of place, at least quite out of the only place he cared to fill. His sudden gloom was perceptible to Mr. Markham, who would gladly have given Juliet a hint not to allow her brother wholly to distract her attention from a friend so lavish of kindness to her. But it was in vain that he called Albert to his own side, and made him reply to numerous interrogations. Neville did not avail himself of these exertions in his favor.

Never had Neville's reflections been more dispiriting than they were on that night. He felt convinced that he had deceived himself most absurdly, in supposing that Juliet had any real pleasure in his society. At last he resolved that in the morning he would plead a necessity for returning to London the following day. This resolution calmed him, and allowed him to taste of sleep. The next morning he wavered a little, but he heard Albert's voice calling to Juliet to come out and walk with him, and from his window he saw her hastening to join him, with a light step, which spoke a gayer heart than he had ever known her to possess. He sighed, and resolved that he would leave her to companions more congenial to her than he could be. Accordingly, as soon as the rest of the family had retired from the breakfast room, he announced to Mr. Markham his intention of returning to London. Mr. Markham expressed annoyance,—could not guess the reason of this sudden decision,—but Neville was firm, and said that if Mr. Markham wished to consult him further about Albert, he must write to him. Mr. Markham left the room; in a few minutes Juliet entered it, and came to the window at which Neville was still standing. His first glance at her face told him, that, however glad her feelings were a few minutes since, they were quite changed now; he felt anxious to know the cause, and Juliet meant not to leave him in ignorance of it. Her voice was a little tremulous, her cheeks a little flushed.

"Mr. Neville," she said, and paused; "is it possible that, as papa tells us, you are going to leave us to-morrow? Must you really do so? You never said so before, and I am so disappointed. Just as Albert is come, whom I so much wished you to know; I said I would try to make you change your resolution; now, pray, do not send me away with a refusal." And Juliet, instead of smiling, as she probably expected to do, was forced to turn away her head to conceal the tears which had started to her eyes: she was as much surprised at her own emotion as Neville could be. He could not resist the impulse of the moment; he took her hand, and said in a low earnest voice: "Juliet, I will not deceive you by pleading any false necessity for departure. I go from the sight of so much happiness which I may not share."

"I hoped that you would share it more from day to day," replied Juliet, sorrowfully.

"If I were to tell you the mad, vain wishes, the accomplishment of which could alone make this place any longer tolerable to me, you would bid me go, you would bid me to grow wiser and calmer ere I saw you again. Juliet, you are too sincere, too generous to counsel me untruly." The blood rushed crimson to Juliet's cheek and brow. She burst into tears; but Neville thought he read more than compassion in them. He bent over her, and murmured: "Must I go?" "Yes," replied Juliet, "if you wish to destroy the happiness which you have striven to create."

"So, Juliet," cried her father, "you have pre-

vailed on Neville to remain! But the enchantress was forced to try her most potent spells ere she could lure the knight back to her bower."

Juliet tried to smile at her father's bantering, but her heart was too full; she threw herself on his neck, and clung silently to him.

"My dear child," said Mr. Markham, with emotion, "I am heartily rejoiced that you sent him not away in despair. May his noble heart never know another pang! Well! I suppose now he has some chance of sharing your thoughts, looks, and words, with Albert!"

"Ah! dearest father," cried Juliet, smiling joyfully, "I hope to reverse all his schemes, for Albert shall never go to India."

THE London correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune says of the manuscripts of Dr. Chalmers, lately purchased by Mr. Constable:

Among the most interesting documents are a vast quantity of letters, which passed between Dr. Chalmers, and nearly every distinguished person in the various spheres of life. Clergymen, authors, artists and statesmen, of England, of Europe, and of the United States have, within the last twenty-five years, corresponded with Dr. Chalmers. This most interesting correspondence, with a memoir, will form four or five large octavo volumes. In addition to this work, the next in importance and value is, perhaps, an elaborate commentary on the Bible, which, it is to be regretted, is unfinished, as it extends only to the book of Jeremiah. Another manuscript of great value is Dr. Chalmers' series of Lectures to Students, when he was professor of divinity in the Edinburgh University. As a class-book, this work will become widely popular. It will be seen from this sketch that the religious and literary world will soon become possessed of one of the richest, most interesting, valuable and important contributions to the literature of the day that has been published during the last half-century.

From the same letter we copy a notice of Miss Eliza Cook:

Miss Eliza Cook, the poetess, is now residing at Great Malvern, for the benefit of her health. When Miss Cook was only "sweet sixteen" she contributed several very beautiful pieces of poetry to the *Literary Gazette*, and occasionally the effusions of her pen graced the pages of the *New Monthly*, and the *Metropolitan Magazines*. It is singular that she discontinued writing for these highly respectable journals, and wrote exclusively for the *Weekly Dispatch*, a paper which enjoys a wide circulation, but that circulation is confined principally to the pot-houses, gin-palaces and rookeries of the metropolis! She certainly secured through this channel a wide popularity among the masses, but Miss Cook's effusions one seldom finds copied into any of the higher class journals; hence she is not read by the more intelligent portion of the public. Miss Cook has written for the *Dispatch* for the last ten years, and during that time she has most undoubtedly fully equalled Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Norton, or the most popular writer of Great Britain. In every line that she writes there is to be found the true essence of poesy. Her versification is smooth, her lines are musical her sentiments are pure and always contain

a fine moral. Look at her deeply affecting song of the "Old Arm Chair;" but that is only one among scores of equally charming pieces. Her very last, written at Great Malvern, and during illness, is a composition of superior merit, and shows that the fire of her genius burns as brightly now as ever. It is called a "Song for the Season." The first verse will show its style.

"Look out, look out, there are shadows about;
The forest is donning its doublet of brown,
The willow tree sways with a gloomier flout,
Like a beautiful face with a gathering frown!
'Tis true we all know that Summer must go,
That the swallow will never stay long in our eaves;
Yet we 'd rather be watching the wild rose blow
Than be counting the colors of Autumn leaves!"

In the following stanzas, speaking of the withering "hedge-row boughs," she says:

"Oh! well it will be if our life, like the tree,
Shall be found, when old Time of green beauty
bereaves;
With the fruit of good works for the Planter to see
Shining out in Truth's harvest, through Autumn
leaves!"

Miss Cook commences this song by telling us to "look out, look out," for the shadows, the trees and the swallows, and then she tells us to "look high, look high," and then to "look low, look low," and to "look on, look on," and finally,

"Look back, look back, and you 'll find the track
Of human hearts, strown thickly o'er
With Joy's dead leaves, all dry and black,
And every year still flinging more.
But the soil is fed where the branches are shed
For the furrow to bring forth fuller sheaves,
And so is our trust in the Future spread
In the gloom of Mortality's Autumn leaves!"

Eliza Cook is now about forty years of age, although she looks much younger. She has quite a masculine countenance, which is remarkably expressive. Her forehead is broad and high, indicative of great genius. Her father was formerly a tradesman in London, but afterwards took a farm in Sussex, where Eliza, the youngest of eleven children, first became enamored of nature and her glorious works, and where, it is believed, she first attempted to pour out her thoughts in delicious verse. Miss Cook was born in the London Road, Southwark, London.

From the North British Review.

1. *A Narrative of an Exploratory Visit to each of the Consular Cities of China, in behalf of the Church Missionary Society, in the years 1844-5-6.* By the Rev. GEORGE SMITH, M. A. of Magdalen Hall, Oxford. London, 1847.
2. *Desultory Notes on the Government and People of China.* By THOMAS TAYLOR MEADOWS, Interpreter to Her Britannic Majesty's Consulate at Canton. London, 1847.
3. *Three Years' Wanderings in China.* By ROBERT FORTUNE, Botanical Collector for the London Horticultural Society. London, 1847.
4. *China and the Chinese Mission.* By the Rev. JAMES HAMILTON, National Scotch Church, Regent Square. London, 1847.

CHINA is undoubtedly the most singular country in the world. Possessing a population amounting to at least a third of the whole human race, and occupying a vast yet continuous and well defined portion of the globe, it has existed as a peculiar and entirely secluded kingdom for a longer period of time than any other nation on the face of the earth. While migrations and wars and foreign conquests were making vast changes on the rest of the world—while nations were rising up from barbarism, flourishing for a season, and then sinking into insignificance, the Chinese held on in one uniform tenor—with the same arts, the same government, the same laws, unchanged and uninterrupted, except by casual outbreaks and tumults within themselves, which were soon calmed and smoothed over. While many mighty nations of the western world were still in a state of comparative barbarism, the Chinese had their various arts to embellish domestic life—they were clothed in their silks and cottons—were expert in the culture of the soil—knew something of the nature of the magnetic compass—of gunpowder, and various other inventions still unheard of in Europe.

The extreme caution of their natures, a certain timid and exclusive policy, which has all along characterized their intercourse with surrounding nations, as much, perhaps, as their self-conceit, which made them look down upon all others as barbarians, had the effect of keeping them for so long a time in such a state of singular seclusion. At last, however, the spell has been broken; an almost unavoidable war of aggression has done to them, what wars and conquests seem to have been the chief agents in performing among all the nations of the world—it has opened up this vast empire to the intercourse, and influence, and example of other races, and other modes of civilization. If it be not good for man to live alone, neither is it for nations; for we find that the same narrow, contracted, and selfish notions which arise in the solitary and secluded individual, are no less apt to take possession of a whole community. Hence the exclusive jealousy of strangers, the vain boasting, and ignorance of the manners and history of all other nations, so conspicuous in the Chinese.

Hitherto our information regarding the actual state of China has been derived from the hasty survey of ambassadors quickly passing through it,

or the casual reports of a few missionaries who had been permitted, under many restrictions, to enter the country. But now that five of the largest maritime cities have been opened up by treaty to the trade and free intercourse of all nations, we begin to have the accounts of travellers who have made themselves acquainted with the language, and whose opportunities of observation have been more extensive and more unreserved than those of any of their predecessors. Of the works more recently published on this subject, we have selected a volume by the Rev. George Smith, of the Church Missionary Society; another volume by a diplomatist, resident in Canton; and a third by a scientific traveller;—all of whom have spent from two to three years in China, and have acquired a knowledge of the language. It is true that the range of these travellers has been limited to the maritime cities and surrounding districts, and has not extended into the central parts of the empire, or even to the capital, Pekin; but when it is considered that such a uniformity and sameness pervade the whole empire—that the people and institutions of any one province are so like to those of any other—it may be presumed that we glean from their partial observations a pretty accurate conception of the average condition of the whole empire.

The population of China, both from native statements and the calculations of foreigners, has been estimated at not less than 360 millions. Immense as this amount of human beings appears, it is perhaps not an over-estimate. The city of Canton is said to contain a million of inhabitants; that of Foo-chow 600,000; and the other cities visited are reported to be generally swarming with inhabitants. But even supposing the estimate above given to be correct, the whole area of China Proper contains 1,300,000 square miles: so that we have to each square mile 277 human beings. Now, if we compare this rate of population with that of England, as afforded by the last census of 1841, we shall find that in it there are 297 persons to every square mile. We must not then be deceived by exaggerated conceptions of the extreme density of the population of China. With a comparatively level and arable country, a rich soil, that in many localities bears two crops a year, and an industrious and frugal people, the average density of the population comes considerably short of that of England.

With an extent of surface, and an amount of population equal to twenty-five Englands, this vast empire is ruled by the despotic sway of one individual. The genius of a people most frequently moulds their government. The mild and submissive, and generally unimpassioned character of the Chinese, peculiarly fits them for implicit subjection. Their leading mental characteristic is plain homely common sense—they have not the imaginative qualities or passionate enthusiasm of other oriental nations, neither have they the profound, excursive, and restless intellects of the nations of the west. Filial respect and veneration is their

most prominent instinct—their notions of rule are patriarchal. From their fathers and kindred their respect extends to their rulers and their emperor, who again, on their parts, take care to foster and encourage such feelings, and not to outrage them. Public opinion exists and prevails to such an extent as to keep a check on bad government, or outrageously corrupt administration; but there is neither the desire nor energy to carry it further. There is no permanent or hereditary nobility among this people. There are many old families who are held in estimation, but the two great distinctions of the people are into the literary class and the plebeian. Admission into the literary class is open to every individual of the empire, however poor or unknown; and from this class alone are selected all government officials, from the lowest clerk up to the greatest mandarin. Candidates for admission are subjected to a strict and generally an impartial examination. After having passed this first examination, they undergo a second and more searching one before they can become eligible for office; and a third is necessary for those who aim at the highest posts. The candidates for these literary honors are always very numerous, and an intense interest is shown at the periods of examination, both by the individuals themselves and their relatives. A great many are of course rejected, but these return again and again to their studies, and make repeated attempts to pass the ordeal. Once accepted, they are almost sure to succeed in time to some government employment, and the highest appointments are open to all. So highly is admission into this literary class prized by the people, that a successful aspirant sheds a lustre on his family, and even ennobles his more humble parent.

The same government and laws extend over the whole of the empire, and each province has its full complement of government officials. If we call to mind that each province is in extent equal to an ordinary European kingdom, we need not be surprised at the number of these officials. There are, in the first place, three grand orders of mandarins: 1st, the civil; 2d, the literary, who superintend the examinations for degrees and admission into the literary class; 3d, the military. Each of these orders may again be subdivided into other three, so that there are in all nine mandarins, or higher officers, in each province—all these being distinguished by the quality and color of the buttons on the top of their caps. A simple enumeration of the different denominations of the several officers of the province of Kwang-tung will so far indicate the nature of their duties, and afford a general idea of the officials of the other provinces. There is first the tsung-tu or governor-general, whose power not unfrequently extends over more than one province. Then a governor, superintendent of finance, provincial judge, collector of salt duties, grain collector, intendant of circuit, prefect of department and three sub-prefects, district magistrate and assistants, township magistrate and assistants, inspector of police, inspector of river police, secre-

tary, treasurer, prison master, superintendent of customs. The government salaries of these officials are very small; the highest, that of the governor-general, amounting only to £60 of English money, and the lowest ranging from £12 to £20. The consequence is that their incomes are made up by extortion and bribes, levied on the community. This, like the arrangements of some of our European governments, (the Russian, for example,) is a most unfortunate one, and leads to endless abuse of justice. The vast extent of the empire, too, and the impossibility of the most vigilant central government taking due cognizance of the whole, tends greatly to speculation and abuse of authority, and to that feebleness of the executive power which prevails throughout China.

"I have found it impossible," says Mr. Meadows, "to learn, with any degree of certainty, what the real incomes of mandarins, as increased by illegal fees and special bribes, may amount to. They vary with the harvests, which, according as they are good or bad, render it easy or difficult to collect the land-tax—a proceeding in connection with which much extortion is carried on. They vary also with the number of law-suits, and the wealth of the litigating parties; and, lastly, they vary with the characters of the individual mandarins. The legal incomes of the lower mandarins are, indeed, so notoriously insufficient, that they have little hesitation in speaking, even to a foreigner, of their other gains in a general way; but they have many reasons for not entering into particulars. Under these circumstances it is little better than a guess when I assume the highest mandarins to get about ten times, the lowest about fifty times, the amount of their legal incomes. One of those in the receipt of about £22 legal income, once complained feelingly to me about his poverty, and on my hinting that his post was after all not a bad one, he protested, with some earnestness, that his whole income did not exceed 7,000 taels, (£2,333,) of which he had, he said, to give a great deal away."—P. 100.

Mr. Meadows exhibits a table of the government salaries of the state officials, and the actual incomes which they derive by extortion, and other means, deduced from the best information he could obtain. Thus, a governor-general receives from government £60 per annum, but he contrives to make his actual income £8,333. A governor of a province gets, nominally, £50, and makes it up to £4,333. A judge has, £43 of salary, and makes up £2,000. The collectors of taxes from £1,500 to £1,000. Even a subordinate officer, with a nominal salary of £10 or £12, ekes it out, by various means, to £200 and £300.

The *yamen* is a large building, where the courts of justice, prisons, and offices and houses of the mandarins, and other officials, are situated. It consists of four divisions. The outermost contains the gaols, and places of confinement for short periods, as also the dwellings of the inferior officers. The second contains a hall of justice, for the formal trial of causes and criminals, as also apartments for public records, treasury, &c. The third includes the office of the mandarin himself, and rooms for the public reception of visitors;

while the innermost division comprises the private residence of the mandarin and his family. Attached to each of these establishments are the shi-ye, the judicial advisers, and private secretaries of the mandarin. These men are the only people in China who devote themselves solely to the study of the law, and in so far they resemble our advocates, barristers, and sergeants-at-law; but they are scarcely ever made mandarins, (judges,) and none of them act as counsel for either of the litigating parties in an action at law; their sole business is to protect the interests of the mandarin their employer, to point out to him the proper way of conducting his judicial examinations, and to see that the decisions he pronounces are in strict accordance with the laws, so as that he may not incur any of the penalties laid down in the code of the Board of Civil Office, and thus be subjected to degradation or dismissal. These lawyers are not recognized as official servants of government, but are in the private employment of the mandarins. Certain of these devote their attention to the criminal, and others to the civil law. Besides these, there are a set of nondescript retainers, who hang about the mandarin, and are the negotiators of all the special bribes, and other illegal gains of their master, and a number of inferior government clerks, who keep accounts of the revenue, and make copies of all law papers, and other government business. The judges alone investigate, and decide in all causes and trials; there are no counsel for the prisoner, and of course nothing corresponding to juries. Threats and torture, too, are of daily occurrence. The interior of a yamun is said to present a very strange and bustling scene.

"The almost unceasing flail-like sounds of beating with the bamboo, either as a punishment for ascertained guilt, or to extort confessions and evidence—the cries of the sufferers—the voices of the examining mandarins questioning, bullying, and wheedling—the voices of the porters stationed at the doors, between the first and second and the second and third divisions, transmitting, in a loud singing tone, orders for different officers to repair to certain places where they are wanted—the constant running hither and thither of some of the inmates of the place, and the frequent appearance of criminals and witnesses being escorted to and from the prisons and rooms for examination—are sounds and sights that bewilder and agitate those who have not been accustomed to them, and serve to heighten that dread which all Chinese entertain of entering a yamun."—*Meadows*, p. 115.

The yamun of a district magistrate thus comprises within itself what may be called the general police station on a great scale—the county gaol, as it were, for the custody of debtors and of criminals, awaiting trial or execution—the place where quarter-sessions and assizes are held—the offices of all the subordinate officers of these courts, and the office and residence of the chief mandarin, who is at once judge, sheriff, coroner, and commissioner of taxes. In a populous district such a building is calculated to contain from 300 to 500 individuals, and in a less populous place about 200. The Chinese, however, in their domiciles, contrive to pack

into amazingly little room, so that their buildings do not at first view appear so extensive.

In general, the habits of the Chinese population, especially in the country districts, are peaceful and submissive. In the large towns, however, especially in Canton, there are frequent tumultuous ebullitions of the mob. Their contempt and hatred of foreigners cannot be easily restrained, and the appellation "Fanquee," or "foreign devil," is a term of common reproach. Canton, however, affords not a favorable specimen of Chinese manners. In the more northern cities, and in the country districts, a stranger may safely mingle with the people, without any other inconvenience than that arising from their excessive curiosity. They are almost uniformly kind, hospitable, and good-humored.

A great proportion of the lower orders of the community fare but poorly, and have great difficulty in making out their daily bread, while hosts of beggars are to be found in all the cities. For these a tax is levied in Amoy, and perhaps in other cities throughout the kingdom, the collector of which is called "the king of the beggars." This tax is partly optional with the payers, and is indirectly under the cognizance of the government. "The king," who is duly elected from among the number of the beggars, calls on each householder at the beginning of the year, and ascertains the monthly subscription which he is willing to give, in order to be free from the annoyance of their visits for alms, and the clatter of the sticks by which they implore relief. For the sum of five or six hundred *cash** a month, he gives a red piece of paper, inscribed with three copies of the characters for "great good luck," inclosed within an outline of a jar or vase; this is affixed to the door-post as a sign of immunity, and is renewed at the commencement of every year. Any beggar overlooking this bill of exemption, and entering a shop for relief, may be seized by the householder, and be beaten on the spot. "The king," after giving a certain proportion to the mandarins, and appropriating a certain fund for the support of the incorporated society of beggars, contrives to appropriate the remainder to his own use, and to become a rich man. The beggars are covered with tattered rags, wear long dishevelled hair, and are not very particular in the mode of satisfying their hunger.

"I observed," says Mr. Smith, "one of these beggars pass the shop of a confectioner, and stealthily slip a cake into his hand, and throw it into his sleeve. One of the partners, who saw the theft, ran out and followed the thief, caught him by the hair, made him restore the cake from the folds of his sleeve, and then, by a species of lynch-law very common in a country where ordinary law is expensive, and bribes must precede justice, gave the beggar a severe beating, and let him depart, amid the applause of the crowd, the good humor of the tradesman himself, and a remarkable *nonchalance* on the part of the offender."

The Chinese cities have a general resemblance

* A hundred *cash* are worth fourpence half-penny of our money.

to each other. They are irregularly built, crowded within a small space—have a dirty appearance, have few large or fine streets, but innumerable narrow lanes, and are generally traversed by canals in all directions, and are surrounded by walls and ramparts. There are few public buildings which make any show, with the exception of pagodas and temples, which are common both within the walls and in the suburbs. Mr. Smith thus describes his first impressions of Canton:—

“The recently-arrived stranger naturally manifests surprise and incredulity on being told that the estimated population of Canton exceeds a million. As soon, however, as he visits the close streets, with their dense population and busy wayfarers, huddled together into lanes from five to nine feet wide, where Europeans could scarcely inhale the breath of life, the greatness of the number no longer appears incredible. After the first feelings of novelty have passed away, disappointment, rather than admiration, occupies the mind. After leaving the open space before the factories, or, as the Chinese call them, the thirteen honges, and passing through Old China street, New China street, Curiosity street, and similar localities, the names of which indicate their propinquity to the residence of foreigners, we behold an endless succession of narrow avenues, scarcely deserving the name of streets. As the visitor pursues his course, narrow lanes still continue to succeed each other, and the conviction is gradually impressed on the mind, that such is the general character of the streets of the city. Along these, busy traders, mechanics, barbers, venders, and porters, make their way; while occasionally the noisy, abrupt tones of vociferating coolies remind the traveller that some materials of bulky dimensions are on their transit, and suggest the expediency of keeping at a distance, to avoid collision. Now and then the monotony of the scene is relieved by some portly mandarin, or merchant of the higher class, borne in a sedan-chair on the shoulders of two, or sometimes four men. Yet, with all this hurry and din, there seldom occurs any accident or interruption of good nature. On the river the same order and regularity prevail. Though there are probably not fewer than 200,000 denizens of the river, whose hereditary domains are the watery element that supports their little dwelling, yet harmony and good feeling are conspicuous in the accommodating manner with which they make way for each other. These aquatic tribes of the human species show a most philosophic spirit of equanimity, and contrive, in this way, to strip daily life of many of its little troubles; while the fortitude and patience with which the occasional injury or destruction of their boat is borne, is remarkable.

“To return from the wide expanse of the river-population to the streets in the suburbs, the same spirit of contented adaptation to external things is everywhere observable; and it is difficult which to regard with most surprise—the narrow abodes of the one, or the little boats which serve as family residences to the other. There is something of romance in the effect of Chinese streets. On either side are shops, decked out with native ware, furniture and manufactures of various kinds. These are adorned by pillars of sign boards, rising perpendicularly, and inscribed from top to bottom with the various kinds of saleable articles which may be had within. Native artists seem to have lavished their ingenuity on several of these inscriptions, and, by

their calligraphy, to give some idea of the superiority of the commodities for sale. Many of these signboards contain some fictitious emblem, adopted as the name of the shop, similar to the practice prevalent in London two centuries ago. On entering, the proprietor, with his assistants or partners, welcomes a foreigner with sundry salutations; sometimes advancing to shake hands, and endeavoring to make the most of his scanty knowledge of English. They will show their saleable articles with the utmost patience, and evince nothing of disappointment if, after gratifying his curiosity, he departs without purchasing. At a distance from the factories, where the sight of a foreigner is a rarity, crowds of idlers, from fifty to a hundred, rapidly gather round the shop, and frequent embarrassment ensues from an incipient or imperfect knowledge of the colloquial medium. In these parts the shopkeepers know nothing but their own language, are more moderate in their politeness, and, as a compensation, put a less price on their wares. To write one's name in Chinese characters is a sure method of enhancing their good favor. Sometimes no fewer than eight or ten blind beggars find their way into a shop, and there they remain, singing a melancholy dirge-like strain, and most perseveringly beating together two pieces of wood, till the weary shopman at length takes compassion on them, and provides for the quiet of his shop by giving a copper *cash* to each; on receiving which they depart, and repeat the same experiment elsewhere. The streets abound with these blind beggars, who are seldom treated with indignity. A kindly indulgence is extended to them, and they enjoy a prescriptive right of levying a copper *cash* from every shop or house they enter. It is said that this furnishes a liberal means of livelihood to an immense number of blind persons, who, in many instances, are banded together in companies or societies, subject to a code of rules, on breach of which the transgressor is expelled the community, and loses his guild.

“In every little open space there are crowds of travelling doctors, haranguing the multitude on the wonderful powers and healing virtues of the medicines which they expose for sale. Close by, some cunning fortune-teller may be seen, with crafty look, explaining to some awe-stricken simpleton his future destiny in life, from a number of books arranged before him, and consulted with due solemnity. In another part, some tame birds are exhibiting their clever feats, in singling out, from amongst a hundred others, a piece of paper enclosing a coin, and then receiving a grain of millet as a reward of their cleverness. At a little distance are some fruit-stalls, at which old and young are making purchases, throwing lots for the quantity they are to receive. Near these again are noisy gangs of people, pursuing a less equivocal course of gambling, and evincing, by their excited looks and clamors, the intensity of their interest in the issue. In another part may be seen disposed the apparatus of some Chinese tumbler, who is performing his skilful vocation on the crown of some fellow-countryman unable to command the attendance of the artist at a house of his own.”

The five cities which by treaty have been opened up to the general trade of all nations are, Canton, Amoy, Foo-chow, Ning-po, and Shang-hai. All foreigners have free access to these cities. They may reside in any of them, but they are not per-

mitted to penetrate into the country beyond, further than one day's journey. Canton and Amoy have been the sea-ports longest known to British merchants; but they are nevertheless the cities where the greatest hatred against the British prevails. No foreigner is yet allowed to pass through the gates which inclose the city of Canton, and frequent insults have been offered to strangers by the population. To such a degree had these insults proceeded of late, that while we now write, accounts have reached this country of a warlike demonstration, which the British government of Hong Kong was compelled to make in order to overawe the Chinese authorities, and again extort from them renewed assurances of better treatment. Foo-chow is the capital of the black-tea district, and is computed to contain upwards of half a million of inhabitants. It is situated on the river Min, across which is a bridge containing a thousand arches, or rather a series of openings, covered with large slabs of granite. This city has comparatively little trade, and is said to be falling to decay. Ning-po, further north, and situated on the mainland, nearly opposite to the island of Chusan, is also a place of considerable size, and has the reputation of being the finest city on the coast open to foreigners. It is also regarded as one of the most literary cities in the empire, and inferior only to Loo-chow and Hang-chow, in the refinement and taste of the people. According to the statistics of an intelligent native scholar, as communicated to Mr. Smith, of the people included within the city walls, four fifths may be estimated as engaged in trade, merchandise, and labor, while one fifth were calculated as belonging to the literary class. This included the graduates and candidates for literary promotion, as well as the writers and clerks in the public offices. Of the population in the suburbs and on the level plain, extending to the hills, six parts out of ten are estimated as deriving their livelihood from agriculture, three parts as artisans of various kinds, and the remaining tenth as consisting of fishermen and boatmen. The manufacture of carpets and mats furnishes employment to a large proportion of the people. The female part of the population are employed to a considerable extent in weaving cloth. The city is surrounded by a wall of about five miles in circuit, through which there are six gates opening into the suburbs or upon the river. There are 100,000 houses and shops assessed in taxes to the government, and the population may amount to 400,000. In the city there is an unusually large proportion of temples and of spacious private buildings, and the width and cleanliness of the principal streets give a favorable impression of the wealth and rank of the inhabitants; yet, from many of the houses being empty, and the dilapidated state of others, it appears evident that the city is on the wane. Shang-hai is the most northerly of the free cities, situated on an extensive alluvial plain, watered by a number of streams. It is surrounded by a wall of about three miles in circuit, and may include about 200,000 inhabitants. The character of these is peaceful and industrious;

and they are friendly and respectful to foreigners. Though suffering considerable extremes of climate, the thermometer ranging from a summer heat of 100° to 24° of winter cold, it is said to be very salubrious, the sky in spring and autumn being clear, mild, and delightful. Shang-hai is the great emporium of the central and northern parts of China, and in regard to its commercial and export trade, is greatly on the increase. In this respect it already rivals Canton, and from its central position is likely to become in time the first trading port of the empire. Cotton is extensively cultivated in the vicinity of Shang-hai, as well as rice and wheat; and tea and silks are brought from the interior to this as a shipping port, where, in consequence of the shorter inland carriage, they may be purchased ten per cent. cheaper than at Canton.

Mr. Fortune, while at Shang-hai, was particularly anxious to visit the famous city of Soo-chan, situated about fifty miles inland. As this was far beyond the limits that strangers are permitted to proceed from any of the free-port cities, Mr. Fortune resolved to adopt the Chinese dress, and visit it incognito. In this he succeeded, and found this grand city, which is the great emporium of the central provinces of China, very similar in its general features to the other towns he had visited, only it appeared more the seat of luxury and wealth, and has none of those signs of dilapidation and decay which are apparent in such towns as Ning-po. A noble canal, as wide as the river Thames at Richmond, runs parallel with the city walls, and acts as a moat, as well as for commercial purposes. This canal is carried through arches into the city, where it ramifies in all directions, sometimes narrow and dirty, and at other places expanding into lakes of considerable beauty, thus enabling the inhabitants to convey their merchandise to their houses from the most distant parts of the country. Junks and boats of all sizes were plying on this wide and beautiful canal, and the whole place presented a cheerful and flourishing aspect. The city gates were well guarded, and the streets and lanes inside were intersected at intervals with gates, which are closed at nine or ten o'clock at night. Groups of gay and cheerful-looking people loitered on the bridges, and sailed along the canals. The ladies here are considered by the Chinese to be the most beautiful in the country, and, judging from those seen by our traveller, they deserved this character. Their dresses were of the richest material, and made in a graceful and elegant style; the only faults he could discern were their small feet and the white powder with which their faces were too unsparingly covered.

Chusan, the island taken possession of by the British during the war, and again resigned to the Chinese, is allowed by all visitors to be a very delightful spot—well cultivated, and abounding in grain, fruit, and vegetables; the natives, who are of the same character as those on the neighboring main-land, being peaceable, friendly, and, at the same time, orderly and industrious. They regret

the departure of the British troops; and it now begins to be apparent that this would have been a preferable spot for planting the British flag as a permanent commercial station to that of Hong-Kong. If friendly relations continue to be preserved with the Chinese, Shang-hai and the neighboring group of cities will in time become the centre of trade, as possessing advantages of locality superior to that of Canton, and thus the island of Chusan would have possessed great local advantages as a British station.

Hong-Kong is a mountainous, rocky island, about ten miles in length and five in breadth. Its northern side bends into a capacious bay, well adapted for shipping, and forming a secure harbor. Only small portions of the surface of the island are capable of tillage, the greater part consisting of bare rugged cliffs, with only a partial vegetation of green herbage during the rainy season. Already has British enterprise cut roads and streets out of the solid rocks, and the town of Victoria has risen up, containing many buildings of magnificent structure. The native population has more than trebled since the English gained possession of it, and it is now entirely under British rule and jurisdiction. The powerful heat of the sun on this bare and rugged spot, the want of a free current of ventilation from the hills of the adjoining main-land, and the noxious exhalations from the surface, all conspire to render this a trying climate for Europeans, and latterly the health of the inhabitants has suffered greatly.

Notwithstanding their inherent suspicion of all strangers, the Chinese are neither unkind nor inhospitable. Mr. Fortune, whose botanical pursuits frequently led him into the country, almost invariably met with a good reception from the peasantry, and from the inmates of such temples and religious houses as he visited. One of these excursions we shall detail in his own words, as it affords a characteristic sketch of the timid yet inquisitive and kindly manners of the Chinese peasantry:—

"I was one day travelling amongst the hills in the interior of the island of Amoy, in places where I suppose no Englishman had ever been before. The day was fine, and the whole of the agricultural laborers were at work in the fields. When they first saw me they seemed much excited, and from their gestures and language I was almost inclined to think them hostile. From every hill and valley they cried, 'Wylloe-san-pan-fokie,' that is, 'Be off to your boat, friend;' but on former occasions I had always found that the best plan was to put a bold face on the matter, and walk in amongst them, and then try to get them into good humor. In this instance the plan succeeded admirably; we were in a few minutes excellent friends, the boys were running in all directions gathering plants for my specimen-box, and the old men were offering me their bamboo-pipes to smoke. As I got a little nearer to the village, however, their suspicions seemed to return, and they evidently would have been better pleased had I either remained where I was, or gone back again. This procedure did not suit my plans; and though they tried very hard to induce me to

'wylloe' to my 'san-pan,' it was of no use. They then pointed to the heavens, which were very black at the time, and told me that it would soon be a thunder-storm—but even this did not succeed. As a last resource, when they found I was not to be turned out of my way, some of the little ones were sent on before to apprise the villagers of my approach, and when I reached the village every living thing, down even to the dogs and pigs, were out to have a peep at the 'Fokie.' I soon put them all, the dogs excepted, (which have the true national antipathy to foreigners,) in the best possible humor, and at last they seemed in no hurry to get rid of me. One of the most respectable amongst them, seemingly the head man of the village, brought me some cakes and tea, which he politely offered me. I thanked him, and began to eat. The hundreds who now surrounded me were perfectly delighted; 'He eats and drinks like ourselves,' said one. 'Look,' said two or three behind me, who had been examining the back part of my head, 'look here; the stranger has no tail!' and then the whole crowd, women and children included, had to come round me to see if it was really a fact that I had no tail. One of them, rather a dandy in his way, with a noble tail of his own, plaited with silk, now came forward, and taking off a kind of cloth which the natives here wear as a turban, and allowing his tail to fall gracefully over his shoulders, said to me in the most triumphant manner, 'Look at that!' I acknowledged that it was very fine, and promised if he would allow me to cut it off I would wear it for his sake. He seemed very much disgusted at the idea of such a loss, and the others had a good laugh at him."—*Fortune*, pp. 39, 40.

Much has been written in praise of Chinese agriculture.* No doubt, they have been diligent cultivators of the soil from a remote period; and some centuries ago, when their agricultural and gardening operations were viewed by Europeans, they appeared to be superior to much which was practised in the west. But like all their other habits and arts, agriculture has been and still continues stationary amongst the Chinese; while in Europe, and in Britain especially, it has made great advances. The consequence is, that Chinese agriculture, as compared to British, is now far behind. It evidently appears a mistaken notion, too, which we have all along adopted, that every acre and inch of land in China is under a state of high cultivation. It is true, that the level plains and hills of moderate height, are all under cultivation, and especially so in the neighborhood of cities; but Mr. Fortune, in his botanical excursions, roamed for many miles over mountains and ravines that were still in a state of nature; some of the hills were perfectly bare and rocky, and destitute of all vegetation; and others were covered with wild plants and brush-wood. The houses of the peasantry and small farmers were also of a very mean description, built of mud and stones, with mud floors, and very few domestic conveniences. The agricultural implements are of the simplest kind, and not in the very best condition; in short, everything betraying a state of matters

* The Chinese excel in horticulture. Mr. Fortune, who, we understand, was educated in the Botanic Garden of Edinburgh, has obtained from them a number of new and rare plants, to be added to our British collections.

somewhat similar to what prevailed in Scotland some fifty years ago, when agriculture had not generally attained that perfection to which it has now arrived with us. The generally fertile soil, however, the favorable climate, and the really industrious habits of the people, are all conducive to an abundant production of the fruits of the earth over the whole extent of the country.

Rice is the staple production in all the valleys of the warmer southern provinces. As it forms a chief article of food among the Chinese, its cultivation is extensive. In the south, two crops of this grain are raised in the hot months, besides a crop of some more hardy vegetable in winter. The ground is prepared in spring for the first crop of rice, as soon as the winter grain crops are removed from the fields. The plough, which is commonly drawn by a buffalo or bullock, is a rude instrument, but light, and perhaps more suited to the kind of work than the British plough, which has been tried and found too heavy and unmanageable. As the land is always flooded with water before it is ploughed, this process consists in turning up a layer of mud and water, six or eight inches deep, which lies on a solid floor, or hard stiff clay. The plough never goes deeper than this mud and water, so that the ploughman and his bullock, in wading through the field, find a solid footing at this depth below the surface. The water buffalo, generally employed in the south, is well adapted for this work, as he delights to wallow amongst the mud, and is often found swimming and amusing himself in the canals on the sides of the rice fields. But it must be an unhealthy operation for the poor laborer, who, nevertheless, pursues it cheerfully and apparently happy. After the plough comes a harrow, without long teeth like ours. The laborer stands upon the top of it, and its use is to break down and pulverize the surface of the muddy soil, and to press in the manure. Previously to the preparation of the fields, the rice seed is sown thickly in small patches of highly manured ground, and the young plants in these seed-beds are ready for transplanting when the fields are in a fit state to receive them. Sometimes, especially in the south, the seeds are previously steeped in liquid manure. The seedling plants are carefully dug up from the bed, and removed to the fields. The fields are now smooth and overflowed with water to the depth of three inches. The operation of planting is performed with great rapidity. A laborer takes a quantity of plants under his left arm, and drops them in bundles over the land about to be planted, as he knows, almost to a plant, what number will be required. These bundles are then taken up in succession. A dozen plants are selected at a time, and plunged by the hand into the muddy soil. The water, when the hand is drawn up, immediately rushes into the hole, and carries with it a portion of soil to cover the roots, and the seedlings are thus planted and covered in without further trouble. In the south the first crop is fit to cut by the end of June or the beginning of July. Before it is

quite ripe, another crop of seedlings is raised in the beds or corners of the fields, and is ready for transplanting as soon as the ground has been ploughed up and prepared for their reception. This second crop is ready for cutting in November. In the north, where the summer is shorter, a different plan is followed. The farmers here plant a second crop, two or three weeks after the first, in alternate rows. The first planting takes place about the middle of May, and the crop is reaped in the beginning of August. After the early crop is removed, the ground is stirred up and manured, and the second crop comes to maturity about the middle of November. In the Shang-hai district the summers are too short to get two crops of rice, but an autumn crop of vegetables is not unfrequent. Rain falls in great abundance during the change of the monsoon in May, and the Chinese are very expert at irrigation, so that during the growth of the rice the fields are flooded with water. The terraced bases and sides of hills are supplied with water by mountain streams, and the valleys by canals, the water being raised by a simple but very effective water-wheel. The mountain terraces, which rise one above the other like the steps of a stair, are so constructed both for facilitating the process of irrigation, and for preventing the mountain torrents from washing down the soil.

The Chinese or Nanking cotton plant—the *gossypium herbaceum* of botanists, and the "*Mie wha*" of the northern Chinese—is a branching annual, growing from one to three feet in height, according to the richness of the soil, and flowering from August to October. The flowers are of a dingy yellow color, and remain expanded only for a few hours. They are followed by the seed-pod, which swells rapidly, and, when ripe, the outer coating bursts, and exposes the pure white cotton, in which the seeds of the plant lie imbedded. The yellow cotton, from which the beautiful Nanking cloth is made, is called "*Tze-mie-wha*," and differs little, except in color, from the other variety. This latter is chiefly cultivated in the level ground around Shang-hai, in a strong, rich loamy soil capable of yielding immense crops year after year, although it receives but a small portion of manure. Early in spring the cotton grounds are ploughed up, and manured with a rich mud dug from the drains and ditches. In the end of April or beginning of May, the cotton seed is sown, generally in broadcast, and trodden by the feet of laborers into the soil. The spring rains now commence, and the vegetation of the cotton makes rapid progress. During the summer months the plants are carefully thinned and hoed. Much now depends on the season. If dry, the plants are stunted; but if refreshing rains fall, the crop proves a good one. The cotton plant produces its flowers in succession from August to the end of October, and even, in mild seasons, during November. As a succession of pods burst every day, it is necessary to have them gathered with great regularity, otherwise they fall upon the ground and are spoiled. Little bands of the Chinese are now seen in the after-

noon in every field, gathering the ripe cotton, and carrying it home to the houses of the farmers. As the farms are generally small, they are worked almost entirely by the farmer and his family, consisting sometimes of three or even four generations, including the old gray-haired grandfather, or great-grandfather, who has seen the crops of four-score years gathered into his barns. Every member of such a group has a certain degree of interest in his employment. The harvest is their own, and the more productive it is, the greater number of comforts they will be able to afford. In such a delicate article as cotton, much of the success of the crop depends upon a dry and mild autumn; for wet and cold are both inimical to it. When the cotton is brought from the field it is spread out to dry, and then it undergoes a process to separate the seeds, which is done by passing it through a machine with two rollers. It is then put into bags, which, slung across a bamboo stick, are thus carried into the towns, on the shoulders of the farmers, and disposed of to the cotton merchant. Every family retains a portion of the produce for its own use, and this the female members clean, spin, and weave at home. The spinning-wheel and the hand-loom, both once so common in this country, are still in use in China, and to be seen in every village in the cotton districts. The cotton stalks are used as fuel, the refuse as manure, and the cleared fields are immediately planted with clover, beans, or other vegetables, for a second crop.

The tea districts are situated in the provinces of Canton, Fokein, and Chekiang. There are two species, or probably only varieties of the tea shrub, the *Thea Viridis* and *Thea Bohea* of botanists. It has been frequently stated and believed that our black teas are derived from the *Bohea* shrub, and the green teas from the *Thea Viridis*. Mr. Fortune, however, ascertained, by actual inspection, that both shrubs yield green and black teas, and that, in fact, although the *Bohea* plant is that which grows in the southern districts, and the *Thea Viridis* in the northern, both green and black teas are regularly prepared in all the localities, and that the difference arises from the quality and mode of preparation of the leaves. The tea plant requires a rich soil, otherwise the continual gathering of the leaves would soon destroy its vigor. In the north of China, the tea plantations are always situated on the lower and most fertile sides of the hills, and never on the low lands. The shrubs are planted in rows about four feet apart, and about the same distance between each row, and look at a little distance like little shrubberies of evergreens. The farms are small, each consisting of from one to four or five acres; indeed, every cottager has his own little tea garden, the produce of which supplies the wants of his family, and the surplus brings him in a few dollars which are spent on the other necessities of life. The same is the case with the cotton, rice, and silk farms; all are small, and managed by the members of the family. In the green tea districts, near Ning-po, the first crop

of leaves is generally gathered about the middle of April; this consists of the young leaf buds, just as they begin to unfold, and forms a fine and delicate kind of hyson, which is highly esteemed by the natives, but it is scarce and expensive. About the middle of May the shrubs are again covered with fresh leaves, and are ready for the second gathering, which is the most important of the season. The third gathering produces a very inferior sort of tea, which is rarely sent out of the district. When the weather is fine the natives are seen in little groups, on the hill sides, stripping the leaves off, and throwing them into baskets. These leaves are then carried home to the barns adjoining their cottages, and dried in pans held over little furnaces constructed in the wall. They are then rolled up by the hand on a bamboo table, and twisted and curled into the shape we see them. After this they are exposed upon a large screen, and dried further in the sun, when they are again subjected to a second drying in the pans, and are then picked, sifted, and sorted, and finally packed up for market. For the European markets this green tea undergoes a further process of coloring, which is done by the addition of Prussian blue and gypsum; but this adds nothing to the flavor or other qualities of the tea, except heightening the color.

When the teas are ready for sale, extensive tea-dealers come from the towns and make purchases from the small growers. The tea is then conveyed to the shipping ports, and packed and shipped for the European and American markets.

"There are few sights," says Mr. Fortune, "more pleasing than a Chinese family in the interior engaged in gathering the tea-leaves, or indeed in any of their other agricultural pursuits. There is the old man, patriarch-like, directing his descendants, many of whom are in their youth and prime, while others are in their childhood, in the labors of the field. He stands in the midst of them, bowed down with age. But to the honor of the Chinese, as a nation, he is always looked up to by all with pride and affection, and his old age and gray hairs are honored, revered, and loved. When, after the labors of the day are over, they return to their humble and happy homes, their fare consists chiefly of rice, fish, and vegetables, which they enjoy with great zest, and are happy and contented. I really believe that there is no country in the world where the agricultural population are better off than they are in the north of China. Labor with them is a pleasure, for its fruits are eaten by themselves, and the rod of the oppressor is unfelt and unknown."—p. 202.

There is no state religion in China, the government permitting a general toleration of all sects. The doctrines of Confucius are adopted by the literary class, and a considerable proportion of the people. Instead of a religion, it may rather be termed a system of philosophy, commonplace enough, and possessing no great depth, yet of a practical worldly nature, suited to the tone of the general mind. It consists chiefly of moral and political maxims, and avoids entering on the existence or nature of Deity, or allusions to a future

state. Another sect, the Tauists, or followers of Laou-tsze, seem to be identical with the Shamanists, or demon-worshippers of the ruder tribes of the great Mongolian race. This sect now seems to have few votaries in China, or at least little or no mention is made of them by recent travellers, except the casual notice of a temple dedicated to their gods. It no doubt prevailed more in the earlier and ruder stages of their history. Buddhism, introduced from India probably about the commencement of the Christian era, has spread to a considerable extent in China; but it is less its mysticism and abstract speculations than its image-worship, its external observances, and its monastic system, which have taken hold of the people's minds. In general, its priests and votaries are extremely ignorant, few comparatively being able to read or write, and it is only the lower and more ignorant classes of the population who belong to this religion. Buddhist temples and monastic institutions are not unfrequent in the cities and country, but in general they are on the decay, and are regarded by the people with less interest and reverence than formerly. Yet image-worship is in universal practice. Their temples, houses, streets, roads, hills, rivers, carriages and ships, are full of idols, and their houses and shops, and corners of their streets, are plastered with charms, amulets, and emblems of idolatry. In external forms and regulations, there are some singular coincidences between the Romish religion and Buddhism. The existence of monasteries and nunneries, the celibacy, the tonsure, the flowing robes and the peculiar caps of the priesthood, the burning of incense, the tinkling of bells, the rosaries of beads, the intonation of service, the prayers in an unknown tongue, purgatory, and the offerings for the dead in their temples, and, above all, the titles of their principal goddess, the "Queen of Heaven," and "Holy Mother," represented by the image of a woman with a male child in her arms—present features of mutual resemblance which must strike every one. Mr. Smith paid a visit to Pootoo, an island of about thirty miles in extent, in the neighborhood of Chusan, which is entirely tenanted by Buddhist priests. At the time of his visit there were about six hundred resident priests, besides three hundred mendicant friars and itinerant priests, who were absent on the neighboring mainland. This island, he was informed, had been ceded to the Buddhists, as an endowment for the diffusion of their religion, by one of the Chinese emperors, of the Han dynasty. This date would make the origin of their endowment contemporaneous with the earliest centuries of the Christian era. The priest who was Mr. Smith's informant said that Pootoo had seen brighter days, and he spoke with regret of the degeneracy of the present age in respect of zeal for idolatry. He especially mentioned the fact of there having been three hundred more priests on the island a century ago, and accounted for the diminution in their number by the want of interest and devotion shown by the people on the mainland, who suffered the temples,

one after the other, to fall to ruin, without incurring the expense of rebuilding them. The endowment of the temple in which he himself resided arose from 200 acres of land assigned to it as its revenue on the opposite island of *Chew-ko-tze*. Besides this, they enjoyed an uncertain revenue from the offerings of casual devotees visiting the sacred locality. He stated his opinion, that out of every hundred priests in Pootoo, only twenty were men of education.

A great proportion of the inmates of these temples consists of those who have been brought thither when they were mere children, by needy relatives, or of those who, by poverty or crime, have been forced to take up their abode there as an asylum for the remainder of their lives. Without any kind of employment, either bodily or mental, and in a state of lonely celibacy, cut off from all the usual pursuits or enjoyments of society, they spend a miserable existence in indolent vacuity. By means of self-righteous asceticism they hope to be delivered from the grosser elements which form the compound being—man, and to be assimilated to, and at length finally absorbed into, the immaterial substance of the holy Budh. For this purpose they abstain from animal food, and repeat their daily routine of *O-me-to-fuh*, till the requisite amount of purity and merit has been gained, and the more devout are enabled to revel in the imaginary paradise of absorption, or, in other words, of annihilation. This is the grand hope of Buddhism—this is the only stimulus to present exertion which it offers. The material part of man is to be purged away, and after transmigration through certain stages of animal life, more or less numerous, in proportion to the guilt or merit of the individual, the soul is at last taken into the deity, and becomes a part of Budh himself. This is the purely imaginative invention of a more poetical race than the prosaic Chinese. In fact, Buddhism in China appears to be a mere religion of external form. The most intelligent of its priests do not believe its doctrines, and even on its more ignorant votaries it can have no heart-influence.

As little effect does the cold and lifeless morality of Confucius appear to exercise on the characters of the mass of the people. With naturally mild dispositions, and patient and industrious habits, they have no regard for truth—they are guided by expediency alone, and will lie, deceive, and cheat, just as it suits their own personal interest. No high or pure motives actuate them. They look with great indifference, or even levity, on the misfortunes of their companions, and though vanity and self-conceit make them boastful, yet they have no true and genuine patriotic love for their country. Their unimpassioned nature does not permit them to be ferocious or terribly wrathful, but they have a host of minor vices, and few of the more ennobling active virtues of humanity. Thus they are sensual, coldly cruel, insincere, mendacious, devoid of general philanthropy. Yet it must be allowed that they have the domestic attachments—

filial piety—a sense of gratitude, and a cool and reasonable way of settling and cementing disputes. From the general insincerity and duplicity which prevails, one would be apt to suppose that a total want of confidence in the ordinary affairs of life would be common, and so it would, were this not rectified by what appears a strange adjustment.

“In England,” says Mr. Meadows, “we trust a man because we put some confidence in his own honesty, and because we know we can, through the law, obtain redress for breach of trust. In China, people place little or no confidence in each other’s honesty, and there is so much uncertainty, difficulty, and even danger, in obtaining redress for breach of trust or contract, by applying to the authorities, that few will venture on an application. Every Chinese, therefore, who expects to have any kind of trust placed in him, is provided with a guarantee of a standing and respectability sufficient, in proportion to the nature and extent of the trust, who, according to the custom, makes himself responsible, in the fullest sense of the word for any unfaithfulness on the part of the person guaranteed. It may be objected that the guarantee himself might violate his guaranty—and at first sight there certainly appears no cause why he should not; he is, however, effectually prevented from this by the power of public opinion. Every man, without reflecting deeply on the subject, feels that some reliable bond of mutual security is necessary; the guaranty form, by the general consent of the nation, is that bond in China, and any man who would venture deliberately to condemn it, would lose—what to most people is of the highest importance—the good opinion of all classes of society, and the fellowship of his own; while even in a pecuniary point of view he would not be permitted to derive any benefit from his breach of good faith. I may state as a fact, that I have never yet known an instance of a Chinese openly violating a guaranty known to have been given by him; and though I have remarked, that under strong temptations they will sometimes try to evade it, yet instances of this are extremely rare, and they generally come promptly forward to meet all the consequences of their responsibility.”—p. 218.

Mr. Smith, after giving the people credit for their good qualities, thus proceeds with the other side of the picture:—

“Facts of daily occurrence, brought to the knowledge of the missionaries, and frequently gained through the medium of the missionary hospitals, revealed the prevalence of the most fearful immoralities among the people, and furnished a melancholy insight into the desolating horrors of paganism. Female infanticide openly confessed, legalized by custom, and divested of disgrace by its frequency—the scarcity of females, leading as a consequence to a variety of crimes habitually staining the domestic hearth—the dreadful prevalence of all the vices charged by the Apostle Paul upon the ancient heathen world—the alarming extent of opium indulgence, destroying the productiveness and natural resources of the people—the universal practice of lying, and suspicion of dishonesty between man and man—the unblushing lewdness of old and young—the full, unchecked torrent of human depravity borne along in its tempestuous channel, and inundating the social system with the overflowings of ungodliness—prove the existence of a kind and degree of

moral degradation among a people, of which an excessive statement can scarcely be made, and of which an adequate conception can rarely be formed.”—p. 490.

With regard to the truth of the commonly received reports of infanticide among the Chinese, there can be no doubt. Mr. Smith took special care personally to inquire into this fact. It is practised chiefly among the poorer classes, and it is the female infants who suffer; a poor man in his old age usually receiving support and assistance from his sons, whereas his daughters are generally married early, and are then no longer considered as part of the family. On repeated occasions, and before a numerous assemblage, fathers, when questioned by Mr. Smith regarding this subject, seemed to have no hesitation in openly and simply avowing the fact. He was told that in the province of Fokeen, at a place called Kean Ying-Chou, five days’ journey above Canton, there were computed to be from 500 to 600 female infanticides in a month. The comparative infrequency of the practice at Canton, arose from the establishment by government of a foundling hospital there, where 5000 female children, of the lowest classes, were annually received. While visiting some of the villages in the vicinity of Amoy, the subject of infanticide was introduced to the people. They stated that out of six daughters it was customary to kill three. Some murdered four, and a few even five, out of the same number. They said that the proportion of female children which they put to death entirely depended on the poverty of the individual. They told that the death of the infant was effected immediately after birth, and that four different modes of infanticide were practised amongst them: drowning in a vessel of water, pinching the throat, stifling by means of a wet cloth over the mouth, and choking by a few grains of rice placed into the mouth of the infant. If sons were alternately interspersed with daughters in a family, the people esteemed it good luck, and were not accustomed to murder the female children. One old man who was questioned, confessed publicly before the crowd, that out of six daughters he had murdered three. At first he said that he did not remember whether he had murdered two or three. He said that he smothered them by putting grass into their mouth. The people, perceiving the disgust and indignation which the recital of these facts caused, at last became ashamed of their conduct, showing how easily the conscience may be awakened to the enormity of such actions. In the other parts of China visited by Mr. Smith, no well authenticated cases were brought within his notice, sufficient to prove that this crime prevailed to any considerable extent. In the vicinity of Shang-hai and Ning-po, the moral atrocity, if perpetrated, lurks in secret, and is comparatively too rare an occurrence to be regarded as possessing the sanction of public opinion.

Another prominent vice of the Chinese is opium smoking. This to a certain extent has been practised for a long period, but of late years has in-

creased. An opium house in Amoy is thus described by Mr. Smith:—

"The first opium house which we entered was situated close to the entrance to the Taou-lais palace. Four or five rooms, in different parts of a square court, were occupied by men stretched out on a rude kind of couch, on which lay a head pillow, with lamps, pipes, and other apparatus for smoking opium. In one part of the principal room the proprietor stood, with delicate steel-yards, weighing out the prepared drug, which was of a dark, thick, semi-fluid consistency. A little company of opium smokers, who had come hither to indulge in the expensive fumes, or to feast their eyes with the sight of that which increasing poverty had placed beyond their reach, soon gathered around us, and entered into conversation. They formed a motley group of sallow, sunken cheeks, and glassy, watery eyes, as with idiotic look, and vacant laugh, they readily volunteered information, and described the process of their own degradation. There was to be seen the youth, who, just emerging from boyhood, had only commenced the practice a little time before, and was now hastening to a premature old age. There was the man of middle age, who, for half his life a victim of this pernicious indulgence, was bearing with him to an early grave the wreck of his worn-out constitution. There was again the more elderly man, whose iron strength of frame could better ward off the slow but certain advances of decrepitude, but whose bloated cheek, and vacant stare, told of the struggle that was raging within. There was again the rarely seen spectacle of old age, and the man of sixty lived yet to tell of forty years consumed in the seduction of this vice. They all assented to the evils and sufferings of their course, and professed a desire to be freed from its power. They all complained of loss of appetite—of the agonizing cravings of the early morning—of prostration of strength, and of increasing feebleness, but said that they could not gain firmness of resolution to overcome the habit. They all stated its intoxicating effects to be worse than those of drunkenness, and described the extreme dizziness and vomiting which ensued so as to incapacitate them for exertion. I subsequently visited about thirty other opium shops in different parts of the city. The people say that there are nearly a thousand such establishments in Amoy."—pp. 433-4.

A confirmed opium smoker generally consumes daily about a mace of opium, which is equal to one drachm, of sixty grains, the price of which is about eight-pence sterling, a large sum of money in China. In fact, many of the poorer classes consume from a third to a fourth of their whole earnings in this pernicious practice, notwithstanding they may have a wife and family depending on them for support. This is a melancholy account, and can only find a parallel in the gin and whiskey consumers of our own island. For one million pounds' worth of opium, however, which is thus used in the extensive empire of China, there are at least twenty millions' worth of intoxicating liquors consumed in Great Britain. Both are clamant evils, and are potent means of debasing society; but evils cannot be banished from this world of ours—our chief aim must be, by God's blessing, to elevate men's minds above temptation, and fight the battle on the side of strenuous resis-

tance. It is, no doubt, unfortunate that this pernicious, and in a certain degree illegal traffic, should be carried on by Britons; and the missionaries have frequently had this retorted to them in the midst of their expostulations and advices to the misguided victims of opium smoking. The usual good common sense of the Chinese, however, will soon be able to distinguish the true position in which this traffic, or any other of the kind, as regards the intercourse of nations, must be put, and they will cease to confound the philanthropic endeavors of the missionaries with the gain-seeking pursuits of other members of the community to which they may belong. The opium trade, though still nominally illegal, is now tacitly recognized by the Chinese authorities, and perhaps the best plan for all parties would be to legalize it at once, imposing a certain duty on it as we do on the similar luxuries of tobacco and alcoholic liquors.

Drunkenness does not appear to be a prevailing vice among the Chinese. In general the people are temperate both in eating and drinking. Rice, vegetables and fish, eggs, poultry, form the simple diet of the rural districts, though, amongst the richer inhabitants of towns, a considerable degree of epicurism is common. Long protracted dinners, with an absurd and hurtful profusion of dishes, are as common among the city mandarins of China as among the city aldermen and higher castes of Britain. Like us, too, they range over earth, sea and air for delicacies to stimulate the satiated appetite. Hence we hear of the marvellous dishes of swallows' nests, sharks' fins, and the *trepang*, a species of *holothuria* or sea-slug fished up from the Indian Ocean, and served up as a rarity at the feasts of the rich and wealthy. So generally is the country under cultivation, and such has been the density of population for many ages, that wild animals, especially game, are very rare in China. To make up for this, however, domestic animals are reared in considerable quantities, such as bullocks, sheep, pigs, fowls, and even dogs, which are admitted into the category of culinary beasts among this people. In Chusan, and probably in many other places throughout the country, young ducks are hatched in thousands by artificial heat, and then fed up for the table; and on the rivers and estuaries, cormorants, are regularly trained to catch fish and bring them to their masters.

Mr. Smith thus describes his reception at a mandarin's table:—

"On Sept. 3d, I went with some friends to visit the principal mandarin in Ning-po, usually styled the taou-tai. Due notice had been given some hours previously, and there were circumstances attending our visit, which ensured a polite reception from his excellency. We were borne in chairs along the streets to the *ya-mun*, or public office, in which the taou-tai was then residing. As we approached the large folding-doors, leading into the first of a number of spacious courts, a gong was struck, which was immediately answered by other gongs and a bell from within. At the same time a native piper commenced playing a noisy air, accompanied by a kind of cymbal, to do honor to us as we passed.

As door opened within door, we saw signs of bustle and activity among the numerous attendants, till our sedan-chairs were set down on a pavement at the bottom of a little flight of steps leading into a vestibule. Here the great man, Ching-ta-jin, descended to welcome us; and after a good deal of bowing and other salutations, we were conducted to a reception-hall, where we were invited to take our seats. But preliminary matters of etiquette had to be settled, which occupied some time. The taou-tai would not occupy the highest seat on the left side, the place of honor; and the members of our little party affected like humility. One pressed the other, and tried to lead him into the uppermost seat, which gentle attempt the other as gently resisted. Under ordinary circumstances this would have been fatiguing; but in the excessive heat of the summer it was doubly irksome; and matters were at last abruptly brought to a satisfactory adjustment by one of our party coolly occupying the highest seat, and thus terminating the debate. One of our friends was a fluent speaker of Chinese, and acted as our spokesman. The taou-tai's cap of authority, which was ornamented with the usual knob or button of a light blue color, indicating his rank as being of the third of the nine orders of mandarins, was now taken from his head, and handed to an attendant, who placed it in a conspicuous part of the room. Soon after, another servant came at his bidding to assist in removing his upper garment of blue silk; and as, notwithstanding the heat, we had paid his excellency the compliment of appearing in woollen coats, we gladly availed ourselves of his invitation to put off the incumbrance, and sat during the rest of our visit in our shirt-sleeves. The room did not afford the signs of any great wealth in the proprietor, the furniture being simple and substantial, rather than elegant. A number of servants were standing outside, and sometimes, in their eagerness to see and listen, pressed around the door. A wave of the hand from their master once or twice seemed to remove them to a little distance on either side. But when he subsequently sat so as to have his back towards them, they quietly returned, and their number was increased by the addition of several others eager to satisfy their curiosity. After we had taken tea, the signs of preparation for a morning collation were apparent in the various dishes brought and set out on a table in the centre of the room. On the announcement being made that all was ready, the same ceremony and delay as to precedence took place. The taou-tai took his seat at the lowest end of the table. As our meal proceeded, he reverted to former topics, especially to our literary degrees. As I had been introduced as a literary teacher, he now inquired what literary degree in my own country I had attained. My friend very inconsiderately replied that I was the same as a *tsin-sze*, i. e., the second of the four Chinese literary degrees, to which Ching-ta-jin had himself attained. The taou-tai then commenced congratulating me on the felicity of my lot in getting literary promotion at so early an age. He proceeded to take a strict survey of my physiognomy, and made some remarks on my personal appearance. At last, fortunately for our preservation of gravity, the conversation was led to the subject of literary examinations and degrees in China, on which he was very lengthened in his observations.

"Meanwhile we endeavored to do honor to the dishes, which in rapid succession were placed before us, our host helping us from each dish with the chop-sticks with which he himself was eating. A

kind of spirit, distilled from rice, was poured out into small cups and saucers and placed before us. Deference had been paid to our foreign palates, and in addition to the usual routine of Chinese dainties, small slices of ham, beef, duck, and fowl were served on the table. Plovers' eggs, nuts, sweetmeats, formed also portions of our repast. Our host continually watched our saucers, and replenished them from time to time with what he deemed the choicest morsels. Once or twice we ventured to act on our choice, and to taste some of the unknown dishes; but we quickly came to the decision that it was better to trust to his selection. At last we were tired with the number of dishes, which one after another made their appearance. But it was to no purpose that he was informed that we had eaten a sufficient quantity. He begged to assure us that the repast would soon be over; and our apologies for occasioning him so much expense only made him insist more rigorously on our remaining till the end. During this time an animated discussion took place on the subject of foreign customs. He again reverted to the subject of my literary degree, and inquired my family name. This was altered to suit the Chinese sounds, and written *Sze-mei*. He then asked my personal name, which he tried in vain to pronounce, saying it took four Chinese characters to write it. He made several ineffectual attempts to catch the sound *George*, changing it to *Jih-ah-le-jih*. At last, in despair of mastering the outlandish sounds, he ceased from the attempt, and, falling back into his large chair, gave a hearty prolonged laugh. Then he inquired of my friend respecting the *koo-woan*, or ancient classical literature of our country. This led to his being informed of the gradual improvement of our native tongue—the comparatively recent date of English literature—the stores of ancient learning imported from Greece and Rome—the prevalence of Latin as the general medium of communication between the literati of Europe—and the different races who successively peopled Britain. To all these topics, he listened with attention, bringing frequent illustrations from similar events in the history of China. He afterwards inquired about some European country, by a name which we had never before heard. On our further listening to his pronunciation of the word, we discovered the name to be a strange combination of sounds, intended for Denmark. Afterwards the current of topics flowed to America and its twenty-six states; the separation of the United States from Britain in the last century; their common descent and language; their commercial rivalry and political emulation; the number of annual emigrants from Britain to America; the process of clearing away forests and preparing the soil for cultivation; the enterprising character of American merchants; and the political supremacy of Britain. He made some inquiries respecting the causes of emigration, and of the willingness of the British merchants to come to so distant a country as China. He continually responded, sometimes giving a hearty laugh, and not in the slightest degree affecting an appearance of gravity. He mentioned his having been formerly sent on a special mission by the Chinese government to the country of Mongolia, and spoke of the cold temperature and the forests as probably resembling those of America.

"At length, after many unavailing attempts to rise from the table, which he as often prevented, we were enabled to make preparations for our departure. During our stay of more than an hour, he showed us the usual marks of politeness and cour-

tesy. As his jurisdiction extended over three of the eleven departments, into which the province of Che-keang is divided, he was an officer of some consequence, and ruled a territory as large as Scotland. He was apparently about fifty-six years of age, and his manners were commanding and graceful. In spite of our remonstrance, he insisted on accompanying us to our sedans, and we took our departure with the same ceremony, and amid the same noise of piping and gongs, as greeted us on our entrance."

Throughout this populous and toiling empire, there is no seventh-day's rest or Sabbath bell to call the minds of the multitude from their gross and worldly pursuits, and elevate them to heaven. New-year's-day is observed as a holiday, and they have frequent festivals in honor of their ancestors, and of their idols, when feasts are spread out either in temples or in the streets, or in groves and gardens. The abundant viands, after being laid out and offered to the manes of their kindred, are then feasted on by the assembled company.

Mr. Smith thus describes a new-year's festival at Amoy:—

"Jan. 26th.—This being the last day of the Chinese year, busy preparations were in progress for terminating business, for laying in a stock of provisions, and for celebrating the superstitious observances of the evening. In all directions companies of cooly-bearers might be seen carrying large packages of new-year presents to the friends of their master. In the various houses which we visited after sunset, the head of the establishment, attended by his sons or his partners, was to be observed balancing his mercantile accounts, and settling the debts of the year. So punctilious are the Chinese in the observance of this commendable practice, that they say they could not enjoy the festive occasion, nor sleep during the night, unless they had previously relieved their mind of this burden. The *suan-pan*, or counting-board, was in constant use; and when the business seemed well-nigh terminated, and the books were about to be closed, a neighbor would hurry into the shop, and pecuniary transactions would again for a season be renewed. While these important matters were in progress, the family were engaged in burning gilt paper, with the occasional discharge of fire-works, and in making preparations for the peculiar annual custom named *huai loo*, or 'surrounding the furnace.' This is performed by the members of each family sitting down to a substantial supper, with a pan of charcoal placed under the table in the centre of the party. The only explanation which they gave of this odd custom was, that fire is the most potent of the elements; and hence, probably, they derived a notion of its efficacy in averting evil, or in strengthening the bonds of family union. The women observed this custom in an inner room by themselves; while the master of the house, with his sons and his hired assistants, sat down in an outer room. In one of the families, in which we were invited to remain in order to view the detailed observances of the occasion, the proprietor, a man apparently of some little wealth, sat down with his assistants, his younger son, and two little grandsons. The eldest son, a youth of about nineteen, sat near us, attending to our wants, but without partaking of the feast himself. Every minute he was on his legs, attending to the beckoning motions

of his father, on whom he waited without the least appearance of its being esteemed unusual. At one time he brought a spoon, or a pair of chop-sticks; at another time he fetched a paper-napkin for his father's use, or re-filled his glass with samshoo. The old gentleman, after a short time, became silent and drowsy. But the rest of the party meanwhile increased in mirth, as they rapidly consumed the good fare placed before them. The conversation became increasingly animated, and some of the women soon entered at the further end, and joined in the subjects of amusement. These were the secondary wives of the household, the proper wife and the daughters-in-law being never permitted to mingle in the free, unrestrained conversation with strangers, which is sometimes allowed in the inferior class of female domestics. Great civility was shown to us, but we declined to partake of the feast. It was very melancholy to witness the habit of reckless lying, which manifested itself so frequently in their replies; both the old man and the son showing not the least compunction or sense of shame in telling flagrant falsehoods whenever it suited their purpose. In reply to our question about one of the women present, the old man said, first, that she was an acquaintance; then, shortly after, that she was a daughter-in-law; and, at last, the plain truth came out, that she was one of his secondary wives. Not the slightest jealousy appeared to be cherished in regard to the latter class of wives, though the mistress of the family did not once make her appearance. This lower class of women are generally purchased from poor parents as domestic servants, with the liberty of degrading them to the rank of inferior wives, which practice is generally prevalent, and is considered, even by their sages, to be strictly in accordance with moral rectitude, if the proper wife has given birth to no son. The offspring of both classes of wives are considered legitimate, although the sons of concubines, in inheriting the patrimony, receive only half as much as the son of the proper wife, or mistress of the household.

"The supper being ended, they next prepared for burning the small wooden frames of the lamps, which are generally kept burning day and night in the dark interior of their houses. From the ashes which remain, they profess to derive means of ascertaining the exact period of the rainy and dry seasons of the coming year; the knowledge of which is very important in a land where famine often exposes so many thousands to the danger of starvation, from the destruction of their crops. Three little frames of lamps were brought, and placed ready for lighting on the pavement. The eldest son went forth into the street, and discharged some crackers, to drive away the evil spirits, while some of the domestics folded up about a bushel of gold and silver paper into the shape of lumps of silver. The eldest son returned and set fire to the materials, and in about ten minutes the whole was consumed to ashes. The live embers were then carefully distributed into twelve little heaps, answering to the twelve months of the year. They were then anxiously watched, the heap which first burned out showing the most rainy month, and that which last burnt out indicating the month in which there would be most sunshine and least rain. Particular attention was directed to the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh months, as the rain, if excessive in those months, would cause mildew and blight of the harvest. Acclamations of joy arose, as the second heap first died out, and predicted the

greatest quantity of rain in the month when it would be most seasonable and least injurious. The fifth month was to be clear weather and without rain. The sixth and seventh heaps, as the partially-consumed embers were left half red-hot and half black, denoted that there would be partly fine and partly rainy weather in the corresponding months. The result of the experiment seemed to give the assembled party great satisfaction, which was only slightly interrupted by our asking whether the next neighbor's heaps of consumed embers would coincide in the favorable prediction. To this they replied by begging us to mark the result in the course of the year; and also by saying, that they had nothing to do with their neighbor's house. The samshoo now passed around, and we left them to prolong their festivities for an hour or two, when they retired to rest, till the booming of the midnight watch-gun roused them from their slumbers, and they hastily rose to offer each other their new-year's congratulations, and to renew their feasting.

"The next morning the city authorities commemorated the new-year, by assembling in a body, at dawn of day, and going forth in procession to an imperial temple in the suburb outside the north gate. There they made nine *ko-tow*, or knockings of the head on the ground before a large yellow screen, which, for the occasion, occupied the place of imperial royalty. This custom is renewed also on the emperor's birth-day, and denotes the most decided act of submission. It was this ceremony which the imperial officers tried in vain to extort from former British ambassadors, as a token of vassalage."

That entire seclusion of females from all intercourse with strangers, which former accounts led us to believe in, appears to have been exaggerated. In consequence of the practice of polygamy, and other causes, females have not attained that equality in the estimation of the other sex which prevails in Christian Europe; still they appear to enjoy a considerable degree of liberty and influence in their families. Any man in China may have as many wives as he chooses, but the number is generally regulated by a prudent regard to circumstances and station of life. The marriage ceremony is a very simple one, and is entirely of a civil nature, religion having nothing to do with the contract. Filial piety and affection is very strong among this people, and is cherished long after the decease of parents and relatives. Ancestral tablets are kept in their houses and ranged in the temples, and great care is taken in embellishing, and frequent visits are made to, the graves of their kindred. There are generally no fixed places for the interment of the members of a community, but each individual or family selects the site of their grave, according to their fancy. The sides of hills, and the most beautiful spots in valleys, are thus often chosen, or gardens or groves adjoining their own residences. Their graves are generally planted with the choicest flowers. A pleasing domestic scene is thus described by Mr. Smith:—

"The wife came out after a little time, and having modestly paid her respects at a distance, soon retired into an inner room. The old mother was, however, more officious, and brought out her two young grandchildren smartly attired. She seemed

to be the presiding authority in the family; and it was pleasing to observe the extreme deference universally paid to this elderly class of females. All the inmates of each family appeared to be united in the closest bonds, and to bring together their earnings to a common fund, from which they defrayed the expenses of supplying their daily wants. The old lady of the household acted in the useful capacity of nurse, house-keeper, and adviser, and exercised over the members of the family a general control, which was never resisted. Her word was law, and her influence appeared to be paramount. The teacher was a poor man, earning only six dollars a month from tuition. He seemed, however, contented; and the old lady especially thanked my companion for his kindness to her son. When a grandmother dies, the wife then comes into her full share of influence, and the position which she holds in the family circle presents the social condition of females in China, as an anomalous spectacle of mingled degradation and independence."—p. 414.

The Chinese afford a striking moral spectacle among nations. The civilization of many thousand years has done its utmost for them. It has tamed and subdued the fierce passions, and introduced all those domestic arts which tend to make life agreeable; while the elements of education have been very generally diffused, and a mild and peaceful philosophy, not devoid of the general precepts of morality, has been engrafted in the minds of the people; yet nowhere is public and private virtue at a lower ebb. This assertion is not made with regard to any particular locality, or any one grade, but applies to the whole mass of society, from the highest official down to the lowest member of the community. It shows the effect of a utilitarian philosophy, and a moral code of expediency, without the element of some higher and nobler aim to guide and direct the grovelling and ever-wavering mind. Thus, for instance, Confucius teaches, that speaking the truth is a right and proper thing; but then he allows that children, on some occasions, may tell a lie for the good of their parents. Once admit a qualification of this kind, and a parent may think it no great harm to tell a lie for his own benefit, and thus the tide of falsehood flows abroad. No doubt, Confucius holds it a very detrimental thing for society, that one person should murder another; but then some zealous advocate of the "greatest happiness principle," may discover, that by cutting off in the bud—that is, by simply murdering one half of his babes, he will have a larger support for himself and the survivors. In short, we have exemplified here the result of all those delusive speculations which would teach men to live for their mere appetites and pleasures alone, instead of living for another and a higher state of existence.

In many respects China, as now situated, holds out a most inviting field for missionary labor. The government has granted a full religious toleration. Missionaries of all denominations have access to the five free cities stipulated in the treaty of peace with Britain. One written language is common to the whole of this immense and populous empire, and already more than one complete translation of

the Scriptures has been made into this language. The educated portion of the people are fond of reading, and receive with great eagerness books and tracts circulated amongst them. This desire of information exists among the higher mandarins, as well as among the lowest class of literati. The Chinese intellect is by no means deficient in acuteness and sound common sense; and the existing religions having but slender hold of their minds, they are but little preoccupied with or prejudiced in favor of any particular doctrines. On the other hand, their temperaments are cold, worldly, and unexcitable. Yet not a few have listened to and become converts to the Christian faith; and He who hath destined this faith ultimately to prevail throughout all the earth, can open up and quicken the hearts even of the coldest and most sceptical.

The first Christian missions to China were undertaken by the Jesuits, at the dawn of the Protestant reformation in Europe. They met with various success, were sometimes tolerated, and sometimes persecuted, according to the dispositions of the reigning monarchs. At present there are 170 Roman Catholic missionaries in the empire, and they are said to have about 200,000 adherents. But Mr. Medhurst observes that there is nothing in the Catholic worship, or in the character of the priests, calculated to give the Chinese a very exalted idea of Christianity. In the former, they witness graven or molten images, processions, tinkling of bells, candles, and incense, exactly resembling their own religious rites, and, in the latter, a number of ignorant and idle monks, professing celibacy, but with indifferent moral characters, shaving their heads and counting beads very much after the fashion of the Buddhist priests. A few Catholic missionaries still make converts of the lowest and poorest Chinese, who occasionally appear at the churches, and receive, each of them a small donation of rice, for which service they are sometimes called, in Portuguese, "Rice Christians." The first Protestant mission to China was sent out by the London Missionary Society in the year 1807, and amongst the earliest missionaries was the celebrated Dr. Morrison, who, after a labor of ten years, succeeded in mastering the Chinese language, so as to compose a dictionary of it, and a translation of the Scriptures into the Chinese tongue. Within the last few years a great impulse has been given to missionary enterprise in China. Medical missionaries, both from Britain and America, have gone out, and hospitals have been established in Canton, Shang-hai, and some of the other cities, where relief has been afforded to many thousand native patients; and every opportunity has been taken, at the same time, of circulating tracts, and expounding the doctrines of Christianity. These medical hospitals are highly prized by the Chinese. The art of medicine is at a very low ebb with them, and the gratuitous relief so extensively afforded has been duly appreciated by their naturally kind dispositions, and has tended much to soften the asperities arising out of a national defeat. According to a list given by

Mr. Smith, there are at present forty-four missionaries in the different towns along the coast; and others are on their way, both from England and America.

"The present lamentation," says Mr. Hamilton, in his spirited little tract on Chinese Missions, "is, that China does not contain the power which can evoke the highest goodness or allay the most abandoned vice. The emperor cannot do it—the ancient laws cannot do it—the maxims of the sainted Confucius cannot—the magic of Taoism cannot—the miracles of Buddha cannot—and we may add, the Madonna cannot—the priests with their Latin prayers cannot—the monks who are to sail for Marseilles this summer, with their cargo of crucifixes and beads and dead men's bones, cannot. But the Gospel can! The Gospel can open the fount of tenderness in bosoms where it has forgot to flow. It can pluck the deadly drug from the opium-smoker's skinny hand—it can wrench the infatigating dice from the gambler's delirious clutch—like the Egyptian princess it can snatch the drowning babe from the whelming stream, and rescue the outcast infant from the vagrant's blinding steel:—and it can put truth in the trader's inward soul, and give new meaning to his language—it can make the Chinese yea be yea, and their nay be nay. All this the Gospel can effect; and, with the help of God, all this the Gospel will. And it is the true ennobler of the affections and sublimer of the feelings. Let but its gladness thrill through spirits which in the apathy of ages hardly know what gladness is, and with what a grasp of earnestness will brother seize the hand of brother! With what a look of admiring affection will the Christian husband recognize that Christian partner, whom he now despises as a cipher and oppresses as a drudge! And with what starts of wonder will the quickened spirit view the glorious things of creation, and the blessed things of life issuing in rapid resurrection from under the tomb-stone of old custom—from their long burial in the grave of ancient commonplace! That Gospel is mighty; and let but its clarion-peal—let but its jubilee-reveille echo through the sleep of these enchanted ages—let its omnipotent blast dispel the nightmare of these supine but uneasy years, and the millennium of misery end in the vision of a Saviour present and divine;—and oh! what a shout of power will bespeak the nation born! what a song of praise that proclaims the three hundred millions alive again!"

From Chambers' Journal.

TERRESTRIAL MAGNETISM.

FOR many years the tendency of philosophical research has been towards the resolution of the apparently multifarious operations of nature into effects of one general cause—results of one universal law. Attempts have been made, and in some instances successfully, to reconcile the seeming discrepancies between different natural phenomena; and, in cases of failure, the impression has been, not that the phenomena are irreconcilable, but that we have missed the clue to the explanation. The relations between chemistry and electro-magnetism, between animal and vegetable physiology, are becoming apparent: astronomy is unveiling the secrets of remotest space; and geology, while explaining the structure of our planet, finds itself dependent on mighty natural agencies, working in obedience to a fixed law. The latter science has often been de

signated as preëminently the science of dreams and vague speculations; but by the diligent accumulation of facts, such a degree of certainty has been attained, as to enable us to predicate with some confidence on the phenomena which it comprehends. Opinions, it is true, are still divided as to the source of central heat—the cause of volcanic and other disturbances of the earth's crust—some writers ascribing it to an interior fluid mass of fire, others to chemical action; the latter, as before observed, is now but another term for electro-magnetic action.

In the present paper, we propose to give a summary of the views entertained with respect to what may be called geological or subterranean magnetism.

Whatever may be the direction of magnetic currents within the earth, it is not permanent on the surface. A chart of magnetic curves requires to be reconstructed every ten years. Halley was the first to attempt their delineation; and he threw out some ingenious speculations as to the cause of the variations, attributing them to the revolution of a magnet in the interior of the earth. The subject remained in abeyance until 1811, when Hansteen of Christiana investigated the phenomenon, and defined the variations of the curves, during a period of two hundred years, with geometrical accuracy. In 1576 the needle stood 11 degrees east of north, from which point it returned until 1657–62, when it was due north. Continuing its march, the maximum of westerly declination, 27 degrees, was reached in 1815, since which period it has been again moving slowly to the east. Hansteen supposed the existence of two magnetic poles at each of the polar points of the earth, to whose revolutions the variations of the compass and of the magnetic curves were to be ascribed; but this view has been shown to be untenable. The labors of Barlow, Sabine, and Faraday, have gone far to divest the subject of many of its difficulties. The relation of magnetism to all matter, as discovered by the latter gentleman, is pregnant with important results towards a solution of the mystery; the objection that it was physically impossible for the earth to be a magnet, is now effectually set aside. Gauss of Göttingen, to whom this branch of science is so deeply indebted, computes the magnetic power of each cubic yard of the earth as equal to that of six steel magnets, each of one pound weight. With so tremendous a power, vitalizing, so to speak, every inch of the globe, we are enabled to account for the eruptions, upheavals, and other disturbances by which it is visited.

The researches of Becquerel and Crosse have demonstrated that minerals, whether earthy or metallic, and crystals, can be produced by weak electric currents; and it is a remarkable fact, that electric currents are found to exist in mines. Wherever the test has been applied to the metalliferous deposits in Cornwall, Wales, on the continent, or in South America, the result is the same. Mr. R. W. Fox has shown, in his communications to the Philosophical Transactions, and other scientific publications, that in the lead and copper mines of this country the direction of the positive currents is generally from east-west; subject, however, to local influences, by which they are sent in the opposite direction, or north and south, where the lodes are parallel. So certain were the indications of the galvanometer in detecting the presence of metallic substances or solutions, that the miners exclaimed, "The little thing knows ore, but does n't know the country;" the latter part of the observation refer-

ring to the absence of movement in the needle when the instrument was applied to non-metallic rocks or earths. Mr. Fox succeeded in magnetizing an iron bar, and in one case obtained an electrotype plate by the action of these natural currents. By the same agency he has converted copper pyrites into vitreous copper; and produced artificial veins of carbonate of copper and zinc "in a wall of clay placed between the poles of a galvanic series. It appears to be highly probable," he adds, "that the metalliferous veins, and perhaps even the rocks themselves, impregnated as they are with different mineral waters, and thereby rendered imperfect conductors, if not exciters of electricity, may have an important influence in the economy of nature."

In a recent number of the Journal, we quoted Professor Ansted's views as to the conversion of granite into mica-schist and clay-slate by the passage of galvanic currents; and Mr. Fox has clearly demonstrated, that by such currents laminæ are produced in masses of clay and other substances. The more recent experiments of Mr. Hunt have extended and confirmed the former in all essential particulars. According to Mr. Evan Hopkins, who published a work about three years since "On the Connection of Geology with Terrestrial Magnetism," magnetic currents are continually passing from the south to the north pole, through and around the earth. He shows that the southern aurora, which observation has proved to be accompanied by a similar phenomenon in the north, differs from the latter in appearance, in consequence of the greater amount of vapor produced by the preponderance of ocean in the south. The form is alike in both cases; but the light of the southern aurora is white, while in the north it inclines to red and purple. We read that "the saturated or hydrogenous nature of the currents coming from the south pole towards the north, will account for the observed peculiarity of the southern hemisphere in its general temperature, moisture, rains, the growth of vegetation, &c., as compared with that of the northern." Magnetic and galvanic currents are shown to be identical, except that the action of the latter is in some degree restricted to liquids; and as all metals may exist in solution, their deposition, by means of the currents, admits of demonstration. In this case nature accomplishes on a large scale what experimentalists achieve with the galvanic battery; and, as Mr. Hopkins explains, "If we admit the existence of subterranean currents, and that these exert a slow decomposing power, like that of the voltaic battery, we have a sufficient power for our purpose. In the first place, we have a mechanical tension on the consolidated parts of the rocks, by the linear action of the currents passing through them; and should the intensity of the currents be very great, fractures would ensue more or less at right angles to the direction of the force. These fractures would admit air and water, and thus produce intense heat, by the avidity with which the metallic nature of the bases of the earths and alkalis combines with the oxygen. That nearly all the substances which constitute the crust of the globe are found in *solution* as well as solid, saturated throughout the rocks, and to such a degree sometimes as to issue out and form springs, is well known; therefore, judging from the violent effects on a small scale which we are able to produce by experiments, a heat would be engendered quite adequate to occasion all that takes place in earthquakes and volcanic eruptions."

In this way may be explained the formation of veins that have long puzzled the geologist. That

it is in obedience to some law, is evident from the general direction of metalliferous and crystalline deposits being the same in different parts of the world. The oblique direction apparent in some instances arises from the force of tension acting at right angles to the line of structure, which is northerly and southerly. The parallelisms are, in fact, most remarkable. Humboldt found the primitive rocks, in which metallic veins chiefly occur, in South America following the same line as those of Germany and England; the same parallelism has also been traced between the upheaved rocks of Russia and Africa. It is assumed that the intensity of electric action increases in proportion as we descend deeper into the earth; and there are many striking effects witnessed in mines, which the existence of electric currents, disturbed by local causes, will alone explain. The heat in mines, particularly those of South America, is not constant; patches which at one time are at a very high temperature, become gradually cold, without any apparent cause, and after a time resume their warmth. The growth of minerals in old workings, as a mossy excrescence, is a fact well-known to miners; and in some instances, as observed in Durham, Hanover, France, and in the gold mines of America, when a vein has been worked out, and the galleries left closed, they become filled with solutions of the rocks between which they are dug, and in course of time the deposits thrown down render them again worth the working—the mineral being solid, or in a powdery form, according to the intensity of the current. As is well known, crystals are hardly to be obtained by fusion, but may readily be produced from soft and moist substances; a point admitting of experimental proof. "In order," writes Mr. Fox, "to exhibit the mode of filling, and the formation of different crystals in the same fracture, place a mass of clay-slate between the poles of a battery, immersed in a metallic solution; it will be seen that the currents pass *only* in the direction of the cleavage. If the slate be broken across, so as to represent veins of fractures, crystals will be observed to grow in each fracture transversely; that is, in the direction of the cleavage planes."

The igneous theory—the doctrine of central fire—has for some time been slowly yielding to other views. All the phenomena attributed to fire may be produced by electro-magnetic currents. It is difficult to imagine the existence of fires unsupplied with the oxygen of the atmosphere; and a singular fact has come to light with regard to the earthquakes in South America, based on observations continued during nine years; the oscillations are from east to west, while the rumbling sound by which they are accompanied travels north and south, showing the influence of some law similar to that by which magnetism is governed. "Even the cause of the variation of the needle, mysterious as it has hitherto appeared to be, may probably be referred to the relative energies of the opposing electrical currents, which are perhaps subject to occasional modifications; and the appearance of earthquakes and volcanic action from time to time seems to countenance the probability of such changes."

Taking the ocean as the connecting medium between pole and pole, Mr. Hopkins shows it to be the universal menstruum whence all the variety of materials that constitutes land is derived. The great ocean currents are from south to north, which, with the upheaval and subsidence of continents and islands, the changes of level continually going on, may be referred to the action of magnetic currents

passing from one to the other pole. Everywhere, in fact, there appears to be a tendency towards the north, or pole of decomposition, from whence the decomposed substances are carried back to the south, to take on new combinations, and resume their part in perpetuating the operations of nature. In various parts of the world, the latitude of places is found to be slowly moving northwards, at the rate of from ten to twenty minutes in a century. It is a generally received fact, that the climate of Europe is colder at the present time than in the earliest periods of history. The first settlers in Iceland described it as fertile in many parts, and covered with trees; and there is evidence that the vine was cultivated where now is nothing but an icy desert. Mr. Lyell observes, with regard to the material diminution of temperature in the northern hemisphere, "we know that there are constantly some small variations in the respective geographical positions." And it is worthy of notice, that while in the north we find fossils, and other remains of the torrid and southern regions, we never find in the south any but those of the adjacent seas, or peculiar to the locality. In the coal-beds of Melville Island, fossil plants are found which required tropical heat and light for their growth, and could not possibly have flourished through the cold and six months' night of the arctic regions. An island or continent moving from the south would naturally carry its sponges, ferns, corals, and animals to the north, modified by the changes of temperature through which it passed; and the immense deltas of floating wood in process of formation at the embouchure of the Mississippi and other rivers, to be alternately elevated and submerged during their ages of transit, would seem to be the means of providing an endless succession of coal-beds for the inhabitants of the chilly north.

As bearing on this subject, we may notice a paper by Mr. Dana, in the American Journal of Science, on the "Grand Outline Features of the Earth," in which the phenomenon of parallelisms above referred to is ably discussed. The trends of coasts, mountain ranges of various continents, groups of islands, including the Pacific group—five thousand miles in length, although thousands of miles apart—are shown to lie in the parallel curved lines. It would appear from these facts, that the geographical distribution of the land is not a confused chance-arrangement, but that the earth has a systematic physiognomy—the directions of the leading lines being north-west and south-east. Taking the earth as an entire mass, it has a facility for splitting most readily in two directions, indicating a rupturing force and a structure by which the lines have been determined. Necker has shown the coincidence between coast-lines and mountains and magnetic curves; and, according to Sir David Brewster, the lines of magnetic intensity, corresponding with those of equal heat, manifest a mutual dependence of the two phenomena.

This brief sketch of the opinions of scientific men on this interesting subject, places geology and magnetism in quite a new light, disclosing a field of labor that promises a brilliant harvest to the persevering investigator. The wasting away and degradation of the land, which have often been viewed with alarm, are now shown to be compensated for by a process tending to the renewal and perpetuation of the physical universe. We look forward to the labors of Professor Faraday as destined to throw further light on this interesting branch of science, in which he has already done so much. According to Sir John Herschel, we are to look to "electro-

dynamics for the *vera causa* of the Newtonian philosophy;" and we may borrow the words of that distinguished philosopher in conclusion, and say—"There are secrets of nature we would fain see revealed while we yet live in the flesh—resources hidden in her fertile bosom for the well-being of man upon earth, we would fain see opened up for the use of the generation to which we belong. But if we would be enlightened by the one, or benefited by the other, we must *lay on power*, both moral and physical, without grudging, and without stint."

From Chambers' Journal.

ASCENT OF THE BUET.

If the Alpine tourist be possessed of tolerable activity, and be desirous to obtain an unequalled mountain view—and, more particularly, a view of the monarch of mountains, Mont Blanc, sublimely seated in his awful state—let him, the tourist, if he be within any moderate distance of the mountain, by no means omit to ascend the Buet; for many years, until English perseverance and activity proved the contrary, supposed to be the highest accessible point of the Alps.

It was on the 24th of July, 1844, that I left Chamouny, with my guide, Ferdinand Tissay, each mounted on a mule, at half-past three in the morning, on our way to the Buet. At half-past four we reached Argentiere; and here I could not help stopping for several minutes to admire, though I had many times seen it before, the wonderful ice-battlemented glacier of Argentiere, and the sublime granite spire of the Aiguille Verte, now tinged with the earliest beams of the sun, which, for peaks of such stupendous elevation, had already risen. At half-past five, we stopped for a short time at the Chalets of Poyat; after which we took the direction of the Col du Bérard. Our way at first lay over a stony and rather boggy ascent; and afterwards up an exceedingly wild and picturesque valley, with a loud torrent foaming as usual through it. Here the path became so exceedingly rough and steep, that I confess I was not sorry to leave the mules before we came to the Pierre de Bérard, which we were obliged to do, in consequence of our finding so much yet unmelted winter's snow. We left our mules with a youth who had preceded us on foot from Chamouny, and began our own journey on foot at half-past six, passing over a bed of snow, with a torrent audibly running underneath, for half an hour or more. At a quarter past seven we reached the Pierre de Bérard, a point beyond which mules *never* pass. Travellers have frequently made the Pierre de Bérard their halting-place for the night; and indeed there is a hollow under this rock large enough to shelter several people; and an additional poor protection is afforded by a rough wall of stones to keep out the wind. But it is needless to add that bivouacs in such places, though no doubt highly romantic, should for obvious reasons be avoided, unless in cases of extreme necessity. For, after all, even "for beggars or thieves," a worse lodging could scarcely be found. I am always, I confess, for a good night's rest; and am apt to suspect the energy and perseverance of those who affect to despise conveniences. The hovel, formed in this desolate spot almost wholly by nature, was very damp and dirty, and contained a large patch of snow, yet remaining from the blasts and drifts of the winter. At this spot we first obtained a sight of the Oberland Alps, and from hence our way, though steep, was for a time free

from snow. The weather was quite perfect; not a cloud was visible; the sky was clear of haze, and the air mild, yet not close. This pass of Bérard is one of those better known to shepherds and smugglers than to any other description of travellers.

At a quarter past eight we had of course gained somewhat in height; but we nevertheless saw cattle passing the snow, one by one, at a great height above us, and in a few minutes more we again entered on the snow. At a quarter before nine we caught sight of Mont Blanc appearing over the range of the Aiguilles Rouges. At twenty minutes past nine we attained a rough slaty ridge, quite free from snow; in fact the ridge of the pass. From hence we had a wonderful view of mountain-tops in all directions. It was not cold, but the sky now put on the appearance of the weather being about to change for the worse. Every peak, however, even the most distant, was quite clear; nor was there the slightest cloud or haze upon any part of Mont Blanc. From this pass we might have descended directly to Servoz; but our purpose was of a much more aspiring nature. After pausing a few minutes, we commenced and completed a fatiguing ascent of the now eternal snow, which was succeeded by a heart-breaking slope of bare slaty débris, occupying us together till forty minutes after ten o'clock. Again another slope of snow succeeded, and again another ascent of slaty fragments, which brought us, at a quarter past eleven, to the remains of the stone hovel of the philosopher Pictet, in which he used to take shelter when overtaken by bad weather in this elevated desert. One more short slaty ridge, and a steep slope of soft snow, brought us to the summit of the Buet, 10,154 English feet, according to De Saussure, above the level of the sea, at half-past eleven, after a fatiguing walk of five hours from the place where we left the mules, and eight hours exactly from Chamouny. The sun at half-past eleven was exactly over the Aiguille du Midi, as seen from hence. From this fine mountain-summit we looked clear away over the summit of the Brever, and of the Aiguilles Rouges (which we had so often looked up to from Chamouny) to Mont Blanc, and his attendant Aiguilles in all their glory. Mont Blanc, seen from this height, and at this distance, towered in kingly state over all his vassals. There were some clouds about, but none to impede the view; nor was there a breath of wind. The air, too, was quite mild; but my feet now became excessively cold, from my having been so long walking in the soft snow. The mountain summits visible from hence are so numerous, that to mention them all would be to make a catalogue of a considerable portion of the Alps. Beyond the range of Mont Blanc, towards the west, far in the Tarentaise, I saw very many undulating snowy summits, with a light thrown over them that gave them the appearance of the colored waves seen in a surface of mother-of-pearl; in another direction, through a mountain gap, we got a peep at the Lake of Geneva. The Jura range, on the other side of the lake, was very distinct; so were the summits of the Oberland Alps, and all the heights quite round towards the Simplon. We were here, although the air was perfectly calm, at a height to which the voice of the torrent did not reach; and the impression of stillness I shall never forget. Close on the edge of the highest point of the mountain, where the precipice suddenly sinks down with frightful rapidity, and to which we scarcely dared approach, for fear of dislodging a mass of the soft

snow, we saw the track of a chamois, that must have very lately passed. I observed several insects half dead lying on the snow during our ascent; and whilst we stood on the summit—oh, satire on human ambition!—several common butterflies flew over our heads.

The view from the summit of the Buet reminds one forcibly of one of the old-fashioned maps of all the mountains in the world at one view. In a word, it is the most unpicturesque thing possible, but possessing a grandeur and sublimity peculiar to itself, which, once seen, is never through life forgotten.

We could not remain on the actual summit for any length of time, for the snow was so soft, that we could not sit down, and no dry rock was visible, and my feet were aching excessively with the cold of the wet snow; so we descended to some dry rocks a little way down, where we changed our stockings, and got quite warm, and enjoyed the luncheon we brought with us very much. We remained here until one o'clock. Neither on the summit, nor during the ascent, did either I or my guide experience any inconvenience from the rarity of the air. During the ascent, I twice heard that peculiar solemn noise, difficult to describe, something between a deep sigh and a *lourd*, heavy, sullen, subdued sound of an explosion, which no doubt is frequently to be heard in these upper regions. It is probably occasioned by some slip or giving way of the snow under the influence of the mid-day sun. Beneath the snow-cliffs, my guide pointed out to me a place which, he told me, was that in which, in the year 1800, Mr. Eschen, a Dane, lost his life. In the spot which he pointed out, the snow appeared deeply crevassed; and, to the most unpractised eye, it was evidently not the way up the mountain. It was hard to believe that any one would have ventured into such a place.

I have already mentioned the stone hovel on the summit of the Buet, erected for the accommodation of the philosopher Pictet. I believe he made on this spot many observations with the barometer, as well as experiments on heat and radiation; the Buet is also alluded to by name, in a paper by him in the English "Philosophical Transactions," concerning the measurement of an arch of the meridian, dated 1791.

The steep and fatiguing slopes of slaty débris which I have mentioned before, are enriched with some of the rarest of the Alpine plants.

In descending, we glissaded the greater part of the slopes of snow; but where we kept the track of our ascent, I was surprised to find that our footsteps, though very deeply impressed, were almost entirely effaced by the action of the sun. Our descent was very rapid, and varied with frequent falls; the ensuing *glissading* of which may, without care, be carried far beyond a joke. So overpowering was the glare from the snow on the Buet, that I did not find a large goggling pair of green spectacles, together with a thick black crape veil, more protection to the eyes than was necessary.

We finally reached the spot where we had left our mules, below the Pierre de Bérard, at a quarter before three o'clock; that is, in an hour and three quarters from the summit of the mountain, it having taken us five hours to ascend the same distance. I continued my way on foot, leaving the guide and mules to follow all the way down, and had now ample leisure to admire the scenery of the valley we had ridden up in the morning, which presents one of the wildest and most thoroughly picturesque

scenes I ever beheld. Some of the rock and water scenes are scarcely to be exceeded for beauty and grandeur. No one should omit, if possible, during a *séjour* at Chamouny, an excursion as far at least as the Pierre de Bérard.

We arrived at the Chalets de Poyat at four o'clock, and I got back to Chamouny on my mule at a quarter before six. Thus the expedition from Chamouny to the summit of the Buet, and back, occupies just about fifteen hours.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM CANTON, CHINA.

—A foreigner has just started a newspaper in the Chinese language. Whether it will succeed or not remains to be seen. It is a novelty to the people. The only paper published by the Chinese that can at all be depended upon is the *Pekin Gazette*. This is published at *irregular* periods at the capital, and thence distributed throughout the empire. It is a matter of great importance for the mandarins to secure an early reading of the *Gazette*, in order that they may be enabled to proceed in their official duties; for it generally seems that the only means by which the officers of government arrive at a knowledge of the will of their sovereign is through the medium of that *Gazette*.

Express riders are in readiness at Peking to carry the *Gazettes* in different directions over the empire as soon as published. The *same rider* carries the *Gazette* from Peking to any one city, as for instance Canton, performing the distance on horseback by means of relays of horses at short distances. The distance from Peking to Canton is performed in six days, riding incessantly night and day; and, as you may readily imagine, proves fatal to a great portion of the riders. As a general rule, no rider is able to make more than two trips, as he either dies or becomes permanently disabled.

A high mandarin who is under the necessity of securing an early perusal of the *Gazette*, pays not far from \$20 per month for his paper—whereas those who are content or who are able to defer the perusal to a *later* date, pay proportionably less, say \$2 per month.

We missionaries are not enough interested to subscribe for the paper, and if we did so, the perusal of it would scarcely repay the trouble and expense. It is generally filled with court gossip and court ceremonies, alike insipid and uninteresting.

In the spirit of most men, lies a creative power, which only needs the right moment to call forth the spark. But external influences, the incessant working of what is called civilization, the machinery of state affairs, the eternal teaching and preaching with the smallest opportunities for action—all the pressure which is brought gradually to bear upon man, in order to give one form to all, and bring them suitably near to each other, and the endless drilling and polishing, which goes to make a well-formed man; these and many other things stifle the living powers of man. And as this process continues, the number of these men will increase, who, in the inactivity of their unmanned souls, in order to have something, will strive after foreign command, influence, and thoughts. When this kind of formation shall have reached its height, the world will slumber in the much-praised quiet of a Paraguay; there will be but one church, and one doctrine; and it will be indifferent whether a rational head, or a mere automaton, administers the state and church.—*Jacobs*.

A SOIRÉE IN A PORTER'S LODGE.

MONSIEUR and Madame Bichonnet were not ordinary porters. They resided in the handsomest house of a respectable street of Paris; their lodge, situated on the ground-floor, on the left-hand side of the passage, at a convenient distance from the stair-case, was large and airy, and looked upon the street. Their duties, which consisted in attending to the door, and keeping the house clean, were unusually light, and very liberally remunerated—considering that, like all the members of their worthy class, they were lodged rent-free, and kept by their landlord and the joint contributions of the lodgers in wood and candlelight all the year round, without mentioning the presents they regularly received on new-year's day. In short, M. and Madame Bichonnet were, as the reader can see, very comfortable people in their way; and they might have been perfectly happy, had not an unlucky spirit of ambition taken possession of their hearts, and made them resolve to shine, no matter at what cost. They gave parties to which the whole neighborhood was invited; and so conspicuous did they render themselves, that the lodge of the Bichonnets became ere long a term synonymous with the focus of porter-scandal and refinement. Of course, though they were highly popular with some individuals, they were also much ridiculed by others; but on this head, M. Bichonnet wisely observed, that they only met with the common fate of genius; "they were envied and admired." Like many illustrious individuals, the porter and his wife did not, however, differ greatly from the common race of mortals. Madame Bichonnet was a tall, muscular, raw-boned woman, whose florid complexion beamed with health, but who was, nevertheless, in a very delicate state; for, as she frequently assured her lodgers and friends, in a low, languishing tone, "she knew she was in a deep decline, and had already given up all worldly thoughts." M. Bichonnet was a thin, tan-skinned little man, with a bright, restless, brown eye, and a highly pragmatist and consequential eye-brow. He seldom spoke, but the little he did say was all concerning his rank and importance in society. He had also a few profound ideas on politics, and "our duties to our fellow-men," of which he occasionally allowed his friends to catch a glimpse; for as those ideas were so very deep, they could scarcely be said to fathom them. Amongst M. Bichonnet's favorite notions, was the firm belief entertained by him, ever since the year 1830, that Louis Philippe had not six months to remain on the throne. This assertion, which he made with many mysterious nods and hints, had given him, amongst the timid and prudent people of the neighborhood, a reputation of carbonarism. It was even strongly suspected by some wise heads that the convivial parties given in his lodge were only offered to republicans in disguise. These malicious rumors did not, however, prevent M. and Madame Bichonnet from resolving to have a party on Twelfth Night of the year 183—. According to the usual custom, they were to have a cake; and in the earlier part of the evening, M. Bichonnet went out to order it at the pastry-cook's before the arrival of the guests, leaving his wife, or, as he loved to call her, his spouse, alone in the lodge, seated in a soft-cushioned arm-chair opposite the fire, and dozing very comfortably; for, under pretence of making up for her bad nights, Madame Bichonnet was always dozing. She had not been long alone when her husband came in. Approaching the fire, he

cereemoniously observed, "The night is very cool, my dear; I must beg your leave to keep on my hat."

M. Bichonnet would never have committed the solecism of doing such a thing without his wife's permission. Madame Bichonnet merely nodded assent, and seemed to expect something else; but as her husband remained silent, she said, after a pause, "And the cake, my dear?"

"The cake is in the oven. I saw it myself; a large, golden-colored cake."

"Perhaps I shall never live to eat another," mournfully sighed Madame Bichonnet. "Will it be here soon?" she added, after a pause.

"In less than half an hour, my dear." Another pause.

"Will it be quite hot?" asked madame, opening her half-shut eyes.

"Quite hot."

The portress uttered something which sounded like a hum of satisfaction, and remained silent. In less than half an hour the cake arrived, carried by the pastry-cook's boy. It was immediately placed between two earthen dishes, which had been kept warming for this purpose; and, as Madame Bichonnet observed, "It really looked like a cake you might wish to eat on your deathbed." Some time elapsed, and though it was past seven, none of the guests arrived. Madame Bichonnet, who sat near the cake, became very impatient at this unreasonable delay, and in a querulous tone inquired "if they were coming?" Her husband answered he did not know, but that he strongly suspected M. and Madame Miroiton, with their young ladies—he scorned the vulgar expression of daughters—would soon make their appearance; upon which Madame Bichonnet observed, with a significant smile, they had done well to invite M. Tournour to come. The fact is, both husband and wife had quite a passion for match-making. The portress delighted in it for the sake of the thing, and her husband, because "he felt it was a duty he owed to his fellow-men;" but there were evil-minded persons, who asserted their thoughts went no further than the marriage-dinner. "As though," exclaimed Madame Bichonnet, when she was told of this, "she could think of such things with one foot in the grave!" Whatever were their real sentiments on this subject, it is, however, certain that the Bichonnets never gave a party without having at the same time some matrimonial design in view.

On this occasion the person for whose conjugal felicity they felt so lively an interest was a young shoemaker, M. Tournour, who had recently settled in the street, and whose handsome shop was precisely opposite the window of the lodge. Antoine Tournour was not yet a rich man, but his business promised well; his character was irreproachable; and though he could not exactly be termed handsome, good-temper was written on his frank, open features. He had, moreover, that smart, tidy look so characteristic of the Parisian journeyman. Indeed, Madame Bichonnet averred, that of all the shoemakers who met at Montmartre on Saint-Crispin's Day—their yearly festival—he undoubtedly cut the most gallant figure; and that the dark mustache which he wore, notwithstanding his peaceful avocation, was perfectly irresistible. It is true that, notwithstanding those advantages, Antoine Tournour had not expressed to Madame Bichonnet the least wish for a wife; but as she concluded that he wanted one, she resolved to provide him with one without delay. Fortunately for her purpose,

she found two ladies—in the street too—who seemed quite willing to enter into her views. Perhaps it will be objected that one lady was enough for the purpose; but the prudent portress was of another opinion; she thought that if one did not suit, the other might; and that, in all cases, they would set one another off. This had been her plan hitherto; and, to say the truth, she had vast experience in those matters.

The eldest of those ladies—both of whom were well known to Tourneur, whose customers they were—was Mademoiselle Ursule, the staymaker, who lived next door to him. She was, according to her own assertion, twenty-five years of age; but her features—without speaking of common report, which said ten—assigned her at least six or seven more summers. She was thin and withered-looking; she dressed very richly and tastily; and there was certainly nothing vulgar about her. It was reported that she had money in the bank; and this, as Mademoiselle Miroiton, her rival, spitefully observed, was her only attraction. It was seemingly a powerful one, for it had enabled her to refuse several good offers of marriage. Mademoiselle Miroiton, who was a dressmaker, and the daughter of one of the neighboring porters, had no money like Mademoiselle Ursule; but she was a good figure, had a brilliant complexion, a tolerable quantity of glossy dark hair, and a sparkling, though rather scornful, black eye; so that, as Madame Bichonnet wisely concluded, if Antoine Tourneur liked beauty, Mademoiselle Miroiton would do remarkably well for him; whereas, if he preferred wealth, Mademoiselle Ursule would be quite the thing. Having first delicately sounded the two ladies, and found them very favorably disposed, she next invited them to come and spend with her "The Evening of the Kings," as Twelfth Night is termed, intimating to them that Antoine Tourneur would be there, with only a few friends.

Just as Madame Bichonnet's patience was exhausted, and she observed very snappishly that the cake was quite ruined, a knock at the door announced the arrival of her expected guests. It was Antoine Tourneur, who came in with the Miroiton family; for, instead of taking Madame Bichonnet's hint, and bringing only their eldest daughter, M. and Madame Miroiton had thought fit to come accompanied by four of their children; the fifth, a lad of about fourteen, had remained at home to take care of the lodge. On seeing them enter, and on thinking of the size of her cake, Madame Bichonnet's heart failed her; but she nevertheless received her guests with every demonstration of joy. Shortly after their arrival, Mademoiselle Ursule made her appearance, very richly attired as usual; and, as Mademoiselle Miroiton observed in a whisper to her sister, as usual giving herself airs. These airs consisted in holding a delicate cambric pocket-handkerchief in her hand, and, when she meant to be highly disdainful, in applying a scent-bottle to her nose, which, as she often observed, was of the truly aristocratic form. Besides the stay-maker, there were several other guests whom Madame Bichonnet now bitterly regretted having invited, as she had only meant them to "fill up" the vacant spaces of her tableau, now quite thronged with Madame Miroiton's young family. These individuals were two ladies'-maids, who resided in the house, and a mysterious, melancholy-looking young man, who lived nobody knew how, and always sang comic songs wherever he was invited. When they were all seated, and there was some talk of cutting up the

cake, Madame Bichonnet perceived a circumstance she had hitherto overlooked: they were in all thirteen individuals present. Now, amongst Madame Bichonnet's weaknesses, was the vulgar belief that when thirteen persons met, one of them must certainly die within the year. On noticing this ominous fact, she therefore gave a very dismal groan, and intimated to her friends they need not have any fear, as she was certainly the doomed one. Everybody immediately sympathized with her, with the exception of Madame Miroiton, who, being a strong-minded woman, loudly asserted that this was a weakness she must overcome, and that she would not encourage her in it by sending home one of her children. Antoine Tourneur gallantly offered to absent himself, but Madame Bichonnet would not hear of it; and she at length decided that her husband should go and invite Rosine, a young bonnet-maker who lived in one of the attics, to come and share their mirth. M. Bichonnet departed on his errand, and after some time, made his appearance with Rosine, whom he had, however, found some difficulty in inducing to accompany him.

Her entrance into the lodge was witnessed with anything but pleasure by Mademoiselle Ursule and the daughter of the Miroitons. The former, especially, was highly indignant: the idea of associating with a bonnet-maker seemed to her perfectly preposterous; and notwithstanding the beseeching and timid glance which the young girl cast towards her, Mademoiselle Ursule immediately set her down for an artful, designing creature, and applied her scent-bottle to her nose with great contempt. Mademoiselle Miroiton was at first equally annoyed; but on noticing the paleness of the new-comer, who was, moreover, in deep mourning, she immediately made room for her near herself, concluding that the contrast would greatly enhance the brilliancy of her own complexion, and the freshness of her attire.

The first impression which Rosine's appearance was calculated to produce, was not indeed to her advantage. But though she might at first be thought plain, few persons who examined her closely thought so long. Her features were not remarkably regular, but she had a profusion of fair silken tresses, which beamed like gold beneath her black crape cap, eyes of a deep azure blue, dark eyebrows and eyelashes, and a sweet smile and pleasant voice, which rendered her at times quite fascinating, notwithstanding the languid and sickly expression her features had contracted during a life of privation and poverty. Having lost her mother a few months back, she was now an orphan; and as she was not a native of Paris, she had remained wholly friendless and alone in the great city. Fortunately for her, she found some employment in the house of a great milliner, who lived in the street; and although she had to toil almost constantly, in order to earn enough for her support, she was never heard to repine or to complain. "In short," as Madame Bichonnet observed to her guests shortly before she entered, "she was a very nice girl indeed, whom she loved to patronize."

Immediately after Rosine's entrance, Antoine Tourneur proposed to uncork two bottles of champagne, which he had brought with him; Madame Bichonnet instantly volunteered to find the champagne glasses from the cupboard of the first-floor lodgers, who had confided to her the key of their apartment whilst they were away; and Mademoiselle Ursule immediately sent out one of the young Miroitons for two dozen of those biscuits, without which, the orthodox drinkers assert, champagne cannot be

drunk. In the meanwhile a good deal of talking went on in different parts of the company: M. Bichonnet, who was more than usually dignified, conversed in a mysterious tone with M. Miroiton, a simple-minded man, discussing the respective merits of Thiers and Guizot, and assuring him, in a low, subdued voice, that before six months he might expect to see Louis Philippe dethroned. On hearing this piece of intelligence, the pacific M. Miroiton looked uneasily round, and, with a cough of dismay, inquired of his friend how he had learned this. M. Bichonnet gave a mysterious nod, and merely said "he knew it."

"But, my good Monsieur Bichonnet," urged the alarmed Miroiton, "I hope you have no ill-will against the king!"

"Sir," solemnly replied Bichonnet, "I entertain no evil sentiment against Louis Philippe; fate has never thrown us together, and we have, I may say, nothing in common either in feelings or opinions; but it is my duty to my fellow-men to inform them, when the opportunity occurs, that before six months have passed over their heads, he will have ceased to sit on the throne of France." And leaving M. Miroiton in a state of unutterable dismay, he turned from him with a mysterious glance, as though thinking that enough had been said on the subject. Whilst this political discussion was going on, Mesdames Bichonnet and Miroiton were engaged in informing one another of the faults and merits of their respective lodgers. Madame Miroiton greatly inveighed against the avariciousness of hers; Madame Bichonnet made no similar complaints, but only lamented the want of politeness which existed in their conduct towards her. Thus, if a letter came, they insisted to have it brought up instantly; or they actually desired that Madame Bichonnet should not read their newspaper in the morning before it was sent up to them. In short, they went to such lengths, that M. and Madame Bichonnet had been compelled to draw up a little code of regulations, which was placed at the foot of the staircase for their benefit. By the first regulation, all the lodgers were requested to wipe their feet well before they went up stairs; by the second, they were recommended to keep no dogs, and not to receive visitors who were likely to be accompanied by those animals; by the third, they were informed that, on account of their portress' delicate health, they were expected never to stay out later than twelve o'clock at night. After that hour, M. and Madame Bichonnet hinted that they should lie under the painful necessity of not opening the door to them. To this regulation there was, however, affixed a *N. B.*, by which the lodgers were told that they could be admitted even after one or two, on paying a fine of fifty centimes [*5d.*] On hearing this admirable code, Madame Miroiton sighed, and only wished they could have it too; but their lodgers were so restive, they would never agree to it, and Miroiton could never be induced to propose it to them.

"We never propose those things to our lodgers," superciliously observed Madame Bichonnet. "We do them, and they submit as a matter of course."

Whilst the two portresses were thus engaged, the younger portion of the company had gathered round Antoine Tournéur, whose good-humor rendered him a general favorite. The young man who sang the comic songs, and the two ladies'-maids, whom Madame Bichonnet had invited because they were neither young nor pretty, as much as through any other motive, listened to his sallies in silence; but the Miroiton part of the family were in perfect

ecstasies. Mademoiselle Ursule was too genteel to seem much amused; but as her vigilant eye noticed that though his discourse was directed towards her and Mademoiselle Miroiton, yet his glances more frequently wandered in the direction of Rosine, she began to look very superciliously on the young milliner once more, setting her down as an "artful, designing creature." As somebody said something about the champagne, which had in the mean while been forgotten, Madame Bichonnet proposed to cut up the cake first. This was accordingly done, and Rosine, as the youngest lady present, was requested to hand it round to the company. She complied, and though somewhat embarrassed, acquitted herself of her office with much grace and modesty. Antoine was the last person to whom she handed his share of the cake, and perhaps for this reason, or perhaps because, as Mademoiselle Miroiton now began to think, he was engaged in gazing on the young milliner, he neglected to examine his portion of the cake, in order to see whether it contained the bean always inserted in it, and which renders him to whose lot it falls king for the evening.

The young man who sang the comic songs immediately discovered that he had not the bean; the ladies'-maids found out as much; Madame Miroiton declared she had not got it; all her children echoed the words; M. Bichonnet did not speak, not thinking it dignified; and M. Miroiton, because his mouth was full.

"I suppose Mademoiselle Ursule is queen?" ironically observed Mademoiselle Miroiton.

"I am not queen," sharply answered the stay-maker, with a tone and look which seemed to say she might have been if she would.

Mademoiselle Miroiton colored, and in a softened tone said to Antoine, "Are you king, Monsieur Tournéur?"

Antoine started, and turning his eyes from Rosine, for the first time opened his portion of the cake. No sooner had he done so, than the dark bean appeared, enshrined in the yellow crust. Immediately a loud cry of "Tournéur is king! Long live the king!" resounded in the lodge. Antoine laughed, and bowing, intimated his wish of speaking; but the loyalty of his new subjects was not thus easily checked, and the Miroiton part of the company especially showed their delight by making an unusual noise. When he was at last allowed to speak, he returned thanks in a short speech, and concluded by drinking the health of all present. No sooner had he raised his glass to his lips, than the cries of "The king drinks! Long live the king!" again echoed round. But when this first excitement had somewhat subsided, Antoine was requested by Madame Bichonnet to use his privilege, and name a queen for the evening. On hearing this, Mademoiselle Miroiton looked modestly on her plate, whilst Mademoiselle Ursule applied her scent-bottle to her nose. "Ho, ho!" continued Madame Bichonnet, with a knowing wink, and glancing towards the spot where Mademoiselle Miroiton and the stay-maker were both seated, so that it could not be known precisely to which of the two she meant to allude, "I think I know who will be queen." She paused, struck aghast with astonishment and dismay—for Antoine had, with a low bow, placed the bean in the glass of Rosine, thus proclaiming her queen for the evening.

A deep, ominous silence followed this daring act. Madame Miroiton gazed on Madame Bichonnet with an indignant glance, as much as to say, "You see it!" and Madame Bichonnet turned up her eyes,

and clasped her hands in amazement. M. Miroiton did not seem to know what to make of it; and M. Bichonnet solemnly shook his head two or three times, like one whom nothing can astonish. On perceiving Antoine's meaning, Rosine had colored deeply, and, by the timid, deprecating look she cast around, seemed to implore indulgence for her involuntary fault. But the singer of comic songs was staring point-blank at the wall; the two ladies'-maids, who readily took their cue, seemed, by the glances they exchanged, to say, "What a shocking creature!" the looks of the Miroitons and the Bichonnets were equally stern and forbidding. Mademoiselle Miroiton was too desperately incensed to strive to hide her feelings; and though Mademoiselle Ursule partly triumphed in the mortification suffered by her younger and more attractive rival, her whole attitude showed the consciousness of injured dignity. Antoine alone looked kindly on her, and seemed to resent very much the manner in which the object of his choice was treated. The truth was, that, having perceived the drift of Madame Bichonnet's hints and allusions, he had felt piqued at being disposed of without his consent, and would have asked either of the ladies'-maids to be queen sooner than Mademoiselle Miroiton or Mademoiselle Ursule. Wishing to relieve Rosine from her embarrassment, he drank her health with studied politeness; but when he cried out, "Long live the queen!" no voice save M. Bichonnet's, who felt himself bound in honor to reply, echoed his. Poor Rosine grew pale, and laid down her untasted glass, whilst Antoine frowned on the silent and rigid Miroitons. Willing, however, to make an effort towards conciliation, the young shoemaker said with a smile, addressing the company, "Ladies and gentlemen, let me hope you will drink the health of your queen."

The melancholy-looking young man who sang the comic songs immediately drank a glass of wine, first muttering something which might sound as an assent to or a protest against the toast, just as the parties were inclined; but no one else pledged Antoine. Mademoiselle Miroiton, indeed, eyed him with great contempt, yawned audibly, and looking at her mother, carelessly observed it was late enough to go home. To this Madame Miroiton assented, and rising immediately, helped her daughter to put on her cloak and bonnet—for Mademoiselle Miroiton had lately assumed this badge of distinction. It was in vain that Madame Bichonnet begged of them to stay a little longer; they smiled scornfully in reply to all her intreaties; whilst, heedless of his wife's indignant glance, M. Miroiton, determined to make the best of the little time left, hastily gulped down two or three glasses of champagne.

"Pray, do stay," urged Madame Bichonnet.

"No, ma'am, thank you," dryly answered Mademoiselle Miroiton. "I can assure you, ma'am, we are not blind; we can see very well through your schemes, and those of other people."

"Yes, indeed we can," echoed her mother, with a scornful toss of the head; whilst even M. Miroiton, roused at last, and having now quite done with the champagne, repeated, "Ay, sir, we can," addressing M. Bichonnet; and with his wife on one side, and his daughter on the other, stalked out of the lodge, followed by his children, and closed the street door behind him with a thundering slam.

When they were gone—she would have scorned to do it before—Mademoiselle Ursule rose; and though she only opened her lips to say "Good-night," the manner in which she uttered the words

spoke volumes. The singer of comic songs, perceiving that his services were no longer necessary, departed, under pretence of seeing her home—she lived in the house opposite; and the two ladies'-maids took the same opportunity of saying something about their mistresses—who were both out—wanting them, and left the lodge, where only Antoine, Rosine, with the porter and his wife, now remained. After their departure, Antoine made several ineffectual attempts to create a little mirth: the Bichonnets were both dismally solemn; and Rosine, who began to fear she had been the occasion of a vast deal of mischief, was too ill at ease to enjoy herself any longer. Seeing the uselessness of his efforts, Antoine at length took leave of his hosts, without taking any particular notice of Rosine.

When he was gone, M. Bichonnet turned towards the young milliner, and in a solemn tone began, "Mademoiselle, I feel it is a duty I owe to my fellow-men—" But there was something in Rosine's mild appealing glance which seemed to reprove him: he paused, looked embarrassed, and observed in a gentler tone, "Well, well, I see you understand me; and so—good-night." Rosine made no reply; but rising somewhat proudly, she retired, bitterly regretting having accepted the unlucky invitation, which had so disturbed the harmony of the evening.

Several days elapsed, during which nothing of importance seemingly occurred. Mademoiselle Ursule, who, since the evening of the Day of the Kings, had taken upon herself the office of observing whatever was going on in the street, nevertheless found the opportunity of making several curious and interesting remarks. Thus she noticed that, on the Friday which followed that memorable evening, Madame Bichonnet, notwithstanding the delicate state of her health, and the severe cold, actually left her lodge, and ventured to cross the street, in order to enter the abode of the Miroitons; that she remained there upwards of an hour; and that, when she left at last, her features wore the expression of one highly satisfied with the success of a momentous enterprise. Mademoiselle Ursule, moreover, perceived that a very unusual agitation prevailed in the porter's lodge: through some mysterious means she even learned that, during the course of the day, several secret conferences took place between Madame Bichonnet and the cook of the first-floor lodgers. M. Bichonnet himself seemed more solemn and dignified than ever. At last the important truth came out: the Bichonnets were, on the next Sunday, to give a dinner, to which the Miroitons and Antoine Tournour were invited. The mystery was, however, kept up until the Saturday afternoon. It then happened that the portress let out an inkling of the fact to one of her neighbors, the consequence of which was, that, in less than five minutes, Mademoiselle Ursule entered the shoemaker's shop.

"Sir," said she, addressing Antoine Tournour, who stood behind the counter, "I am in want of a pair of shoes; will you take my measure?" The young man bowed, and very politely led the way to a little back parlor, where the staymaker took a seat, and in a very slow and stately manner gave him numberless recommendations concerning the size, color, and shape of her chaussure. Although Antoine heard her patiently to the end, Mademoiselle Ursule seemed to mistake the nature of his feelings, for she observed, "I see you are in a hurry, and I am sorry to detain you; but I shall

be very busy next week, and as I shall not see you until the shoes are made——"

"What!" interrupted Antoine, "do we not meet to-morrow evening?"

"Where should we meet, sir?" asked the staymaker with much seeming surprise.

"At Madame Bichonnet's of course," said the young man.

Mademoiselle Ursule seemed to endeavor to recollect who the Bichonnets were; then, as though suddenly remembering, she loftily observed, "Oh, bless me, no! I shall spend to-morrow at home, sir, with poor dear Rosine."

"And is not Mademoiselle Rosine to be there either?" eagerly asked Antoine, whose features expressed some disappointment.

"Really, Monsieur Tournéur," sharply observed the spinster staymaker, "you must have an extraordinary opinion of myself and Rosine, to imagine that, after the insults we have there endured, we could ever be induced to cross again the threshold of Madame Bichonnet's lodge."

"I beg your pardon," confusedly answered Antoine; "but when Madame Bichonnet spoke of my meeting pleasant company to-morrow, I really thought she meant you."

Though somewhat soothed by the compliment, Mademoiselle Ursule smiled with unutterable scorn. "Sir," she loftily said, "I will not speak of myself; I will speak of Rosine, whom Mademoiselle Miroiton has maliciously slandered, for what motive I know not"—Mademoiselle Ursule uttered the words in so significant a tone, as to leave no doubt but she was perfectly aware of it—"and whom, but for me, she would have deprived of the means of earning her bread." Antoine looked up with astonishment: the staymaker continued—"Rosine works for a great milliner, who resides in the house where Mademoiselle Miroiton's parents are porters. Since the evening of the Kings, this creature has so contrived her vile insinuations, that Rosine has been refused any more work. Seeing her pass by the day before yesterday all in tears, I called her in, and, as she can fortunately stitch very neatly, engaged her to work for me on the instant, so that she shall have work in spite of the whole Miroiton brood."

"And has everything really happened as you relate it?" very gravely asked Antoine.

"Exactly so, sir," dryly replied Mademoiselle Ursule. "Pray do not forget my shoes. Good-day to you. I suppose," she carelessly added, "you go to the Bichonnets to-morrow!"

Antoine bowed in token of assent; and without seeming to notice the smile and glance of contempt which she cast upon him, he ceremoniously conducted Mademoiselle Ursule to the door. The staymaker went home, sorely puzzled to make out the shoemaker's real intentions, and quite disposed to quarrel with him for taking no heed of poor neglected Rosine, and dining with those odious Miroitons and Bichonnets; but though in such ill-humor, that her first act on entering the workroom was to scold Rosine for some imaginary fault, she had enough of self-control not to say a word about Antoine Tournéur, or the step she had taken. Perhaps the reader will feel surprised to see the staymaker now taking part for the young girl whom she treated with such contempt on the evening of the Kings; but Mademoiselle Ursule did not pique herself in the least of acting upon logical principles: she boasted that she had "strong feelings and lively sensibilities—that she was the creature

of impulse," &c.—which of course explained everything. The truth was, that although, as she herself truly asserted, she had never experienced the passion of love, she had, however—partly through Madame Bichonnet's hints—begun to think lately that her young neighbor, M. Tournéur, might prove an acceptable partner for life. His politeness she construed into a deeper feeling, veiled by profound respect; and although she felt no strong affection for him, yet there is no knowing to what pity might have led even her rather unsusceptible heart, when the rivalry of Mademoiselle Miroiton awoke all her jealous feelings, and for the present stifled tenderer emotions.

When Rosine entered the porter's lodge on the evening of the festival, she immediately looked upon her as on another rival, and found her artful, designing, &c. It is very likely this impression might never have been effaced, if Mademoiselle Miroiton had not chanced to take precisely the same view of the subject; which Mademoiselle Ursule no sooner saw, than she immediately perceived she must have been in the wrong. There could be no possible sympathy between her and her rival. When she learned the unworthy treatment the young milliner had met with from the porter's daughter, she felt highly indignant; and, as much from a feeling of justice, as from the wish of annoying Mademoiselle Miroiton, she took her into her employment. As she was naturally kind-hearted, the simplicity and gentleness of Rosine soon charmed her; and reflecting—for, from his conduct on the evening of the Kings' festival, she began to suspect she might have been deceived in Antoine's feelings—that she had lived too long single to resign herself to the many tribulations of wedded life, and that it would be highly imprudent in her to trust herself to the fickleness of man, she prudently resolved to discard Antoine altogether: a task which she found the easier, that her heart had never been in the least affected. But though she might be quite willing to give him up for herself, she was anything but desirous that Mademoiselle Miroiton should enjoy the triumph of surplanting her; indeed, as she had a shocking temper, she felt it quite a charity to prevent their union. In short, she resolved that it should not be her fault if her rival ever became Madame Tournéur. It is true Antoine did not seem very deeply smitten; but then there was no knowing what arts might be employed. Ah! if he only knew what a dear good creature Rosine was; and much prettier than Mademoiselle Miroiton too! There could be no doubt about that! Indeed, it was no difficult task; a shockingly vulgar creature! She herself, though not quite so fresh perhaps, might venture to compare. But even in her thoughts Mademoiselle Ursule was modest; she hated to speak of her personal advantages!

Such being her feelings on this subject, it is no matter of wonder that Mademoiselle Ursule should be exceedingly cross, when, on the Sunday afternoon, she perceived the Miroitons proceeding to the Bichonnets; but when she actually saw Antoine taking the arm of Mademoiselle Miroiton, dressed out in all her finery, and who, as she averred, cast a glance of ironical triumph on her as she passed by, her anger broke out in vehement denunciations against the faithlessness of men in general, and Antoine Tournéur's want of spirit in particular. Rosine gently endeavored to say a few words for the culprit, but she was immediately silenced by the indignant staymaker.

Several days elapsed, and notwithstanding her

anxiety on this subject, Mademoiselle Ursule could not ascertain how the dinner of the Bichonnets had passed. The cook of the first-floor lodgers indeed informed her of the number of dishes served on the table, but further than this her knowledge did not extend, and the triumphant bearing of Mademoiselle Miroiton alone left her room to conjecture the issue of this important event. Towards the middle of the week, Antoine Tourneur brought home Mademoiselle Ursule's shoes himself. The stay-maker received him very stiffly in the presence of Rosine, whose eyes seemed rivetted on her work, and sharply observed that the shoes did not fit. Contrary to her expectation perhaps, Antoine, far from disputing the fact, readily admitted it, and instantly offered to make her another pair. Mademoiselle Ursule, who was taken by surprise, and felt somewhat conscience-stricken—for the shoes were, in reality, an excellent fit—abruptly replied, that, as she wanted them for the following Sunday, she must keep them such as they were.

"You can have the other pair by Saturday morning," calmly replied Antoine.

Still Mademoiselle Ursule objected; but taking up the shoes, the young man showed her so plainly they did not fit, that she at length gave up the point, and consented to have the other pair made. This being decided, Antoine, who seemed in no great hurry to depart, entered into a very animated conversation with Mademoiselle Ursule, and after exchanging a few words with Rosine, at length took his leave.

"Well," said the stay-maker, now greatly mollified, "I must confess that, with all his faults, Monsieur Tourneur is really a nice young man. And you see, Rosine, what might happen, if I only wished for it." Rosine started, and looked somewhat surprised. Misunderstanding her feelings, Mademoiselle Ursule complacently continued, "Yes, my dear, did I not prefer leading a single life, I might be Madame Tourneur; but though I may give up this prospect, it is not in order to see that odious Mademoiselle Miroiton marry him; and really, child, I wonder you did not take more notice of him just now; who knows what may happen!" She paused, and nodded very significantly. But Rosine colored, and looked unusually grave.

On the following Saturday Antoine called with the shoes, which were this time an admirable fit; so at least Mademoiselle Ursule said, and Antoine did not contradict her, although he made a longer stay than the last time, and was still more lively and pleasant. But notwithstanding his indirect attempts to enter into a conversation with her, Rosine was so silent and reserved, in spite of Mademoiselle Ursule's encouraging nods and winks, that the stay-maker gave her a good scolding when the young man was gone—upbraiding her for her prudery, stiffness, and so forth. To her reproaches Rosine mildly but firmly answered, "I will not feign to misunderstand you; but, with the exception of a very simple mark of politeness, what reason has Monsieur Tourneur given me to think that he looks upon me otherwise than as a stranger? And he being rich, and I poor, what would his opinion be of me if I seemed to think differently?"

"Very well, my dear," bitterly replied her friend; "see him married to Mademoiselle Miroiton, and live and die an old maid, if such is your choice."

Rosine made no reply, and here the subject was dropped. Although the shoes which Antoine had

made for Mademoiselle Ursule were perhaps the best shoes that had ever been made, (so she said at least,) they were worn out in an incredibly short space of time; the consequence of which was, that she had to order another pair. She next discovered that she sadly wanted winter boots; then, as spring was coming on, a pair of summer ones. She even asserted that Rosine had nothing fit to put on her feet; that her shoes were too narrow; that they hurt her; and, in short, that M. Antoine Tourneur must take her measure. It was in vain for Rosine to protest against this; she was compelled to submit. The consequence of this was, that Antoine, who always made it a point—doubtless out of pure politeness—to take the measure and bring home the shoes and boots himself to his customers, was seldom less than two or three times a week at Mademoiselle Ursule's house.

We must now turn to M. and Madame Bichonnet, whom we have neglected too long. On the evening of the second Sunday which followed that on which they gave the dinner to the Miroitons, they were seated as usual in their lodge, Madame Bichonnet dozing in her arm-chair, and her husband looking on the fire, and thinking of nothing, or, as he more elegantly expressed it, "wrapped in profound meditation," when they were suddenly startled by a loud knock at the street-door. M. Bichonnet pulled the string placed near him for this purpose, the door opened, and Mademoiselle Ursule showed her thin and prim countenance at the other side of the glass casement which divided the lodge from the passage, and through means of which M. Bichonnet could reconnoitre every one who entered or left the house.

"Is Mademoiselle Rosine at home?" she hastily inquired. "Bless me, what shall I do!" she continued in a tone of deep disappointment on being answered in the negative.

"I believe," politely answered M. Bichonnet, "Mademoiselle Rosine is gone to vespers."

"Oh dear no," smilingly replied Mademoiselle Ursule; "she is gone to take a walk with her betrothed!"

"Her betrothed!" echoed the astonished porters.

"Yes," carelessly rejoined the stay-maker; "she is to be married to Monsieur Antoine Tourneur, next Sunday week. I wanted to see her, in order to know whether she would have her wedding-dress of white *tulle* or muslin. But I daresay the muslin will look best. But bless me, now I think of it, she must be at home by this time, and I to stand talking here! Good-night, Monsieur; good-night, Madame Bichonnet." And Mademoiselle Ursule hastened away, with a look of the greatest consequence, leaving the porters so astonished, that it was several minutes before they recovered from the surprise into which she had thrown them.

"Poor Mademoiselle Miroiton!" exclaimed Madame Bichonnet, clasping her hands and turning up her eyes, "I thought to have drunk her health at her marriage-dinner before I died; but it is all over now!"

"My dear," solemnly said M. Bichonnet, "this is what comes of mingling with people beneath you; this is —"

"Nay, Bichonnet," mildly interrupted his wife, "Rosine is a sweet-tempered girl, and she will really do better for Antoine than Mademoiselle Miroiton, with her high spirit. I daresay if I were to give her something, just a bit of lace, on the occasion of her marriage, it would not be thrown away; and I should like to see Antoine happily

settled before I die. I am afraid the ceremony might affect my nerves; though I believe I should go, if they were to ask us to the dinner."

"But, my dear, think of Mademoiselle Miroiton," gravely observed her husband.

"Really I don't care about Mademoiselle Miroiton," sharply replied Madame Bichonnet; "her airs are insupportable; whereas I always liked dear little Rosine."

"I believe, my dear," solemnly said M. Bichonnet, "that you are in the right. If they ask us, we will go to the dinner. To be friendly with them, is our greatest duty towards our fellow-men."

In short, it required very few arguments to convince this worthy couple that Antoine Tourneur could not have made a better choice than in the person of the modest little milliner, whom they henceforth treated with the most flattering distinction. On the next Sunday-week Rosine and Antoine were married, to the triumph of Mademoiselle Ursule, and the despair of Mademoiselle Miroiton. M. and Madame Bichonnet, who were amongst the guests, were delighted with the whole affair; which, indeed, they asserted they had wished for and foreseen from the beginning. But though the bride and bridegroom were polite to them, there was not in their behavior the warmth and cordiality which marked their intercourse with Mademoiselle Ursule. This difference became still more marked after their marriage; for whereas the stay-maker was almost constantly their guest, the porters received no further invitations. Madame Bichonnet now began to think poor Mademoiselle Miroiton had been sadly used, and she called on her for the purpose of condoling with her misfortune; but the young lady, who had a high spirit, shut the door in her face, and informed M. Bichonnet's landlord of the code of regulations he had set up in his house; the consequence of which was, that the porters were discharged, and left the neighborhood, "with the consciousness," as M. Bichonnet said, "of having vainly endeavored to serve his fellow-men."

About a year after his marriage—need we say it proved a happy one!—Antoine met M. Bichonnet, in a remote neighborhood. He inquired after the health of Madame Bichonnet, and learned that it had greatly improved since they had opened a commercial establishment. Antoine looked surprised. "Yes," continued the former porter, with his usual dignity, "we sell fried potatoes on the Pont-Neuf."

Antoine smiled, and wishing him every success, bade him farewell. Six months later, he met him again. He was more thin and dignified than ever. Antoine hoped his affairs were in a flourishing state.

"No, sir, they are not," loftily replied M. Bichonnet; "the year has been dreadful for trade, and we have suffered like everybody. I suppose you have suffered too?"

"No, indeed; I was never better off."

"That is strange; all the tradespeople we know failed. But we have not, mind you. No, no sir; we have given up the potato concern, it is true, but our honor is unsullied."

"And where are you now?" asked Antoine.

"We have a porter's lodge in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. A poor place, sir. Ah! times are changed since we ate the King's cake with you in our comfortable lodge."

Merely inquiring for his direction, Antoine took leave of M. Bichonnet. The same evening he held a long and private conference with his wife. Mademoiselle Ursule saw that something was going

to take place; and though too proud to question them, she used her eyes and ears without scruple. The next morning she learned that Antoine was to call on his landlord, who resided in the house where Rosine had formerly lived, and which he had lately bought from its original possessor. What could Antoine want with him? For several days she could learn nothing, but the truth at last became apparent. On a fine morning, a small cart-load of furniture, led by M. Bichonnet, and with Madame Bichonnet perched on the top of a very high bedstead, stopped at the door of the house opposite. As Madame Bichonnet nodded and smiled very benignantly to her, there could be no doubt about it. On learning that Antoine had recommended the Bichonnets to his landlord, who was in want of porters, Mademoiselle Ursule was at first highly indignant. Rosine, however, succeeded in pacifying her, by mentioning their unhappy state, and reminding her that if Madame Bichonnet had not entertained a wholesome apprehension of sitting down to a table when there were thirteen persons present, they would never have become acquainted. As for Mademoiselle Miroiton, she entered into a desperate rage on perceiving her ancient enemies once more in possession of their stronghold. She even sought out every opportunity of injuring them; but the porters had been taught by misfortune. They still occasionally gave parties, but avoided notoriety; and condescended to behave more politely to their lodgers. Ill-disposed persons asserted, however, that the new landlord's presence alone prevented M. Bichonnet from carrying on matters with as high a hand as formerly.

As for Madame Bichonnet, she was marvellously improved in health, and went about the house quite briskly, considering her delicate state—for she still spoke occasionally of her ailments, and indulged in dismal forebodings of not living beyond the spring; but, as Mademoiselle Ursule charitably observed, this was "through habit." Misfortune had not, however, soured Madame Bichonnet's placid temper. She spoke kindly of every one, and never said anything worse of Mademoiselle Miroiton than that, "Poor thing! so, notwithstanding every effort she made, she could not get married after all. It grieves me to the heart; but, indeed, I always thought her too high-spirited for matrimony!"

We have dwelt somewhat lightly on the married life of Antoine and Rosine; but it is happy, and what more could be said? Mademoiselle Ursule, whose somewhat irritable temper they bear with the most praiseworthy patience, is still their best and most constant friend: they are thoroughly happy and prosperous, in the moral and worldly sense of the words.

The Bichonnets are still in their old lodge; they have left off a good deal of their selfish worldliness—would we might say all!—and are quite cured of the temptation of match-making. For indeed, as M. Bichonnet loftily observes, it hardly becomes the dignity of a French porter to meddle in such affairs; and he very much doubts whether his duty to his fellow-men does not forbid it entirely. The last tidings we had of the Bichonnets declare that, on the 6th of January last, an enormous twelfth cake was cut up in their lodge; the persons present were, besides the hosts, Antoine Tourneur, with his wife and two children, Mademoiselle Ursule, and the melancholy young man who sings the comic songs, and who declared, that though they were not yet thirteen, there was no knowing what might happen in time, winking as he spoke, towards

Madame Tourneur and the children; a joke which obtained much success, and is not yet forgotten in the neighborhood. The same young man is said to have paid great attention to Mademoiselle Ursule. As she is resolved to remain single, this must be a calumny; and yet it may be true enough, for Mademoiselle Ursule herself was the person who origi-

nated the report. On the same evening M. Bichonet also confidentially informed one of his guests—which, it is not known—that Louis Philippe had only a very short time to remain on the throne. He prudently refrained from saying how long, for fear the police might seek to involve him in some political conspiracy.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE CHIFFONNIER OF PARIS.*

THE chiffonnier of Paris differs in national and individual qualities from the street-grubber of London, though earning his bread in a not very dissimilar manner. In one respect both are alike: their trade is easily begun, nor is it usually commenced till everything else has failed. When the victimized Parisian finds himself without character and without resources, he wants but half-a-dozen francs in his pocket to provide himself with a back basket and an iron-pointed crotchet or rake, to begin the world anew, and embark in an independent profession. Once equipped as a chiffonnier, he has no sooner familiarized himself to the ignominy of this wretched trade, than, having adopted it by necessity, he continues it by inclination. He finds a charm and a recompense in his nomadic existence, in his endless wanderings, in his vagabond independence, and indulges a profound contempt for the slaves who shut themselves up from morning to night in a workshop or behind a counter. Let them, mere machines of others, regulate the employment of time by the hands of the dial; he, the chiffonnier, the philosopher, works when it pleases him, and rests when he chooses, without thought for the night or care for the morrow. If the east wind freezes him, he warms his blood with a dram; if the heat incommodes him, he doffs his harness and his tattered frock, stretches himself in the shade, and goes to sleep. Is he hungry—he can soon earn a few sous, and feasts, like Lucullus, upon a crusty loaf and sour cheese. Is he sick—what matter? "The hospital," says he, "was not invented for dogs."

The victim of every privation, the chiffonnier is proud, because he believes himself free. He treats with haughtiness even the rag-merchant himself, to whom he carries the harvest of the day, and from whom he is in the habit of receiving from time to time, a slender advance upon that of the morrow. He gives himself the airs of a patron; and declares that if the dealer does him less than justice, he will transfer his commodities to a rival. His pride is visible through the multiplied fissures of his tattered vesture.

The rag-merchant is the able alchemist who transmutes into gold the offal and refuse of the streets; and with the proceeds of rejected rags and putrefying bones, speculates in the rise and fall of stock. He receives the chiffonniers in a fetid and filthy shed, and his fashionable friends in an elegant saloon. His place of business is hideous beyond description, incumbered with the most disgusting impurities, masses of the foulest tatters, rotten planks, and decaying anatomies that infect the air, the whole brought thither by beings of an aspect scarcely human, and weighed in balances of a formidable and grotesque appearance, under the sur-

veillance of a noisy, quarrelling, and decrepit shrew. But if we pass beyond this forbidding vestibule, and penetrate into the private apartments of the merchant chiffonnier, we shall encounter the usual pomp and appendages of civic luxury—the gilt and gorgeous *pendule*, the collection of showy pictures and prints, the bronze bust of the emperor, the side-board loaded with crystal and porcelain, and the grand pianoforte of madame or mademoiselle, the latter a well-educated and accomplished lass, the worthy heiress of no scanty hoard. We could mention the name of one of this fraternity, living at present in the Rue Jean Tison, who gave at the marriage of each of his two daughters a dowry of sixty thousand francs.

If the wholesale dealers realize such gains, it is plain, considering the nature of their merchandise, that but little is left for the actual chiffonnier; in fact the most industrious among them seldom get more than three or four francs a day. These are they who, in defiance of a regulation yet in force, that of the 26th July, 1777, perambulate the streets during the night. The chiffonniers, like the moths, are composed of two races—the diurnal, and the nocturnal; and these latter, commencing their peregrinations at the moment when the street-sweepers retire to rest, have the best chance of some fortunate discovery. They adopt certain favorite quarters, generally giving the preference to the Faubourg Saint Germain, the Chaussée d'Antin, the Faubourg Saint Honoré abounding in noble residences of the most opulent classes. Constantly attending the same circuit they become known to the household servants, and particularly the cooks, from whom they receive occasional contributions from the larder, engaging in return to restore any lost article of value which they may discover in their researches among the offal of the establishment. Once established and recognized in a certain beat, they begin to derive an income from other sources than their professed occupation. Lazy and sleepy subjects, whom fortune has condemned to rise early in the morning, fee them to break their slumbers. We have the honor to know a chiffonnier who goes every morning from Mount Sainte Genevieve to the Assomption to knock at the doors of a grocer, a confectioner, and a wine-seller. This commission brings him in thirty centimes, each party paying him ten (or one penny) per day; an amount which this thrifty economist informs us defrays three fourths of his expenses for lodging.

The day practitioner does not consider himself debarred from social pleasures. He will be found at the barriers, on Sundays and holidays, dancing and drinking with his wife; and he patronizes the drama when the piece is to his mind—tender, touching, sentimental and interesting; such as *Lazare le Père*, *Grace de Dieu*, or *Paul et Virginie*, or any other of the class, where, above all other recommendations, *the traitor is punished in the last scene*.

Whatever his prosperity, the chiffonnier has never any furniture of his own; he sleeps in furnished lodgings, at the settled price of twenty cen-

* The principal particulars in this paper are gathered from an article on the same subject in a French work, purporting to describe the humbler trades of Paris.

times a-night, which the mistrustful proprietors generally exact in advance—"Twopence down, or you don't lodge here." The individual who can disburse, throws himself, without quitting his rags, upon a straw mattress. In these dismal chambers, open to all the miserable offspring of poverty and crime, the common bed is a long sloping plank, and the common coverlet a remnant of decayed carpeting, nailed to the wall at one side of the room, and fastened with hooks at the other. Should any quarrel arise in the night among these "strange bed-fellows," the keeper of the den makes his appearance, armed with a long and portentous bludgeon, and by angry threats, or the application of his weapon, seldom fails to reduce to order the refractory party.

In such squalid resorts the chiffonniers often come in contact with robbers, of whom they involuntarily become the passive accomplices. They are not expected to take part in the crime; but to reveal the mystery of a criminal enterprise, would be to devote themselves to the implacable vengeance of the gang. An old chiffonnier, suspected of having betrayed two thieves, was found one morning assassinated at the corner of a court. The murderers had surprised him at early dawn; they had severed his head from his body, and, by an atrocious refinement of barbarity, had thrown it into his basket.

The chiffonniers, both male and female, talk slang; the general dialect of thieves, it would seem, in all countries, though not exclusively confined to them. The class under consideration have nevertheless a general character for integrity, which they could never have earned, much less maintained, but by repeated acts of honesty and disinterestedness. Restorations of recovered property are frequent among them, of which we could relate numerous instances. On the 11th of October, 1841, the widow Boursin, an old chiffonnière of the Rue Mouffetard, well known in the neighborhood of the Chaussée d'Antin, discovered in a mass of rubbish a diamond shirt-button of considerable value. She occupied the whole day in going from house to house before she found the owner, to whom she immediately restored his property, demanding the price of her day's labor and refusing all further reward. We should also make honorable mention of Père M——, an old soldier of the Imperial Guard, a chiffonnier, and a chevalier of the Legion of Honor. This veteran had two orphan grandchildren left to his charge: he dedicated his pension to the purposes of their education and establishment; and mounting the basket and crotchet on the shoulders so long familiar with the knapsack and gun, sought his own subsistence in the offal of the streets. For this he is held in honor among the tribe, who duly appreciate his virtue and self-denial.

Perhaps the worse characteristic of this class is their love of strife and tumult, which shows itself in a perpetual inclination to quarrel with one another, and with all the world. In every popular outbreak, they are the first to commence deeds of violence, and the last to be reduced to order. The most stable government has trembled to its base at the mad outcries of the chiffonniers, when, at the head of a torrent of the wan and haggard population of the faubourgs, they have rushed upon the wealthy quarters of the city. The cause of terror is not the apprehension of pillage, but of the overthrow and destruction of the whole social fabric. They feel how feeble are the regulations of public order against an army of insurgents who have nothing to lose.

In quiet times, the chiffonniers make war only on the domestic animals—the dogs and cats, whose carcasses they sell to the knacker. A mastiff fetches from thirty to forty sous; a dog of average size from five to ten; a cat four sous in summer, and eight in winter. The fat of the cat is used by the "tondeur," or dog-barber, a trade peculiar to Paris; and dogs'-foot oil is in continual request among the various craftsmen of the capital. The furriers receive the skins, under whose hands that of the dog becomes the veritable black fox; and the hide of poor puss a genuine zibelline, or sable.

Collateral branches of this delectable profession extend beyond the walls of Paris, and provincial practitioners are to be met with in all the principal towns of the departments: but these are mostly dealers, not doers: the true chiffonnier, such as we have described him—independent, thoughtless, proud, somewhat honest, thoroughly undisciplined, and "*toujours Frrrrançais*"—is as essentially Parisian as the Column Vendôme or the Arc de l'Etoile.

A MAIDEN who has received a natural and simple education, which has allowed her faculties to unfold themselves naturally, removing whatever was opposed to this, without itself giving any undue direction, develops her character with her form, in the most perfect accordance with all right rules; as a plant from a healthy seed, in a free soil and pure air, unfolds its leaves and flowers. This harmony of feelings and principles, of thoughts and sentiments, gives to such a woman a wonderful firmness, with which she is enabled to make a noble stand against the pressure of falsehood, temptation, and contradiction. So one sees often small but skilfully built vessels float lightly and swiftly over the smooth sea, and in the storm dancing upon the foamy tops of the swollen waves; which, nevertheless, find their way through the roaring cliffs and wild breakers, to their destined haven. With men this harmony of development is more difficult, and therefore less common. They generally move more slowly, because laden more heavily, and often far unproportionably, so that a single gale sends many of them to the bottom, whilst they, for the sake of greater speed, had spread high every sail. One lacks ballast, and the other rigging; and often while the proud ship glitters in the beams of the sun, and the bright pennant streams gayly in the wind, a skilful pilot is wanting at the helm, and powerful hands to direct and insure its course.—*Jacobs.*

THERE are men enough who, notwithstanding all the noble qualities with which they are endowed, can yet make no right use of them, because they exist only as shining parts destitute of any common bond of connection. As in an arch that would stand, all parts must be bound together by the keystone, so there must be a middle point in man towards which all tends. Where this is wanting, there is, neither in prosperity nor adversity, any sore dependence. All scatters and vanishes like dust away. And thus it not unfrequently happens, that men who, in the ordinary course of things, seem of right to be something, with all their shining gifts, on the smallest trial, show that they are nothing, deceive the hope of the world, and to their own astonishment, sink into insignificance.—*Jacobs.*

Without established principles, our feelings contend against evil, as an army without a leader, and are far oftener vanquished than victorious.—*Jacobs.*

PAGE'S RUTH.

THAT William Page is a man of genius, no one who knows aught of his career in art, or who has passed an hour in his company, will, we think, for a moment deny. Whether he be judged by the simple rule of Sir Joshua, that genius is but the art of making repeated efforts, or by that standard which every man sets up with more or less definitiveness in his own mind, perfectly plain to himself and perfectly inexplicable, perhaps, to others, he will be acknowledged to be a man of genius. He is a man who, with the utmost faith in humanity, believes that what Raffaele and Titian did three hundred years ago, can be done as well in this nineteenth century, if we will but pursue, as they did, the method of nature in our attempts to imitate her; and that the secret of Titian's flesh-tints is not to be found by scraping down his pictures to discover whether he used this or that pigment, but in the simple teaching of the arrangement of material in the human body; since in art and nature like causes will produce like effects, and, as he contends, there is but one path to truth, in no other way can such effects be obtained. He does not, with all this, deny to the great masters the inspiration of genius, he is too sincere a worshipper at the shrine of art, to believe that the highest secrets of her temple will be unveiled and laid open to all who may choose to enter; but the mere mechanical execution of a certain end, namely, the imitation of nature, can be as easily attained now as when these master spirits wrought at their canvasses. In the poetic world, the genius of Shakspeare and Milton may have departed, yet the same words that glowed in their immortal verses we daily use to express our commonest ideas; but in the world of art the language itself has fled, and left us but a few disjointed phrases and meaningless syllables. All modern art is to Page an useless endeavor to express an end by other than the only proper means by which it can be accomplished; as with Ali Baba in the cavern, the "Open Sesame" has been forgotten, and till this simple conjuration has been found again, no spells can open the fast closed entrance.

Now, it does not require any particular manifestation of the divine afflatus to be able to deviate from the long-travelled and well understood highways of art—any man may do this in mere wantonness; of such vagaries we have had enough, Heaven knows; but where the artist, with a profound conviction of the incompetence of present method, endeavors to establish new principles, not founded in fantastic theory, but in thoughtful attempt to trace the teachings of nature and apply the suggestions of reason, we think him entitled to be considered a possessor of this high quality. Mr. Page has, in the papers he published some two years since in the *Broadway Journal*, logically shown that he has the authority of reason and nature on the side of his theory. Whether this theory be as correct in practice as in principle, we cannot pretend to judge; experiment only can determine whether the pigments of art can be subjected to the same laws as the materials of nature, and whether her processes of coloring are to be followed in the chemistry of the studio. Nor can we look as yet to his own productions, based upon these principles, to solve this question; there must necessarily be, in the first attempts to establish a new system, much weakness and uncertainty. Only by repeated experiments shall we be able to discover whether we have been following blind guides and have missed the true path from its very directness and openness.

We have been led to make these remarks, from a recent visit to Mr. Page's room, where we found his picture of *Ruth* just completed. We do not intend to enter into any formal criticism of this painting, since, as it has been as yet only privately exhibited, it would be taking the artist at an unfair advantage. In any difference of judgment, he cannot appeal to the public to decide between the critic and himself. When the picture is publicly shown, as we hear it soon will be, we may recur to the subject again; at present we shall content ourselves with a mere description. It is an upright painting, about nine feet in height, and the three figures, Naomi and her daughters-in-law, are perhaps slightly larger than life. The grouping is excellent and admirably expressive of the story—Naomi stands at the right of the canvass, her left hand is thrown about Ruth, who has cast herself upon the breast of her mother, and whose sinking knees and convulsively clasped hands, and tearful up-raised eyes, betray the agony of the soul, and express all the intensity of the application, "Beseech me not to leave thee." Orpah has turned away her face and covered it with her garment, but her hand still grasps that of Naomi, and it is evident the struggle is severe; she, too, feels all the bitterness of grief, although worldly considerations may weigh more than the affection of her mother-in-law. And here, we think, the artist has shown a beautiful trait of feeling. In most paintings of this oft-repeated subject, Orpah has been represented with a cold and indifferent appearance, serving to contrast with the passionate outbreak of feeling in Ruth; but here her very emotion adds more intensity to the expression of her sister. There is a great deal of very beautiful and very powerful color in the picture, harmoniously arranged and kept remarkably low in tone. It is not an "Exhibition" picture; and on the walls of the academy, surrounded by the chalky absurdities so frequent there, might seem rather dingy. It must be seen by itself, at a proper distance, under a proper light, to be appreciated. It will not be a popular picture; we have too many connoisseurs who thrust their noses close to the canvass and admire "the delicate smoothness, the miniature-like finish." To such as these it is not addressed; but the man of real taste and judgment will not fail to find in the sentiment, in the remarkable relief of the figures, and in the atmospheric distance with its snow-capped mountains that seem miles and miles away, much that is beautiful, and much to convince him that it is a painting of extraordinary power, the production of an extraordinary mind.—*Literary World*.

If ingratitude could extinguish benevolence, the world must daily be destroyed by a deluge, or in flames.

Common minds are hardened by ingratitude; but to superior natures, it is an occasion for new acts of kindness.

Benevolence that can be extinguished by ingratitude, is no true virtue, but, as it were, base tinder, upon which vanity has thrown a spark, which is no sooner kindled than extinguished.—*Jacobs*.

TRUE goodness of heart nourishes itself on the good which it does to others. The good loves him to whom he does good, as the bad hates whom he has injured.—*Jacobs*.

For a heart that cannot escape a sense of obligation, it must be the greatest misfortune to be obliged to those who must despise it.—*Jacobs*.

SMELTING BY ELECTRICITY.—The lately patented process of smelting copper by means of electricity, says a London journal, is likely to effect a change that will be quite prodigious. It produces, in less than two days, what the old process required three weeks to effect. And the saving of fuel is so vast, that in Swansea alone, the smelters estimate their annual saving in coals at no less than five hundred thousand pounds. Hence, it is clear that the price of copper must be so enormously reduced, as to bring it into use for a variety of purposes from which its cost at present excludes it. The facility and cheapness of the process, too, will enable the ore to be largely smelted on the spot. The Cornish mine proprietors are anxiously expecting the moment when they can bring the ore which lay in the mine yesterday into a state to be sent to market tomorrow, and this at the very mouth of the mine. In Australia, also, the operation of this discovery will be of the utmost importance. Ten thousand tons of copper-ore were sent from Australia to England last year, to be smelted at Swansea; and the result was only 1600 tons of copper. But Australia in future will smelt her own copper, by a 36 hours' process: saving all this useless freight of the 8400 tons of refuse, and saving also the cost of the old and expensive process. In a very few years, Australia will send to market more copper than is now produced by all the rest of the world. But if our future penny-pieces are to bear any proportion to the reduced cost of the value of the metal, they must be made of the size of dinner-plates!

PLENTY FINERY, BUT NO AIR.—In a late newspaper, we observe an account of the decorations of a new steam-vessel which has begun plying between Glasgow and Liverpool. The painting, carving, and gilding are described as something beyond all previous efforts at steamboat embellishment. Not

a word is said as to whether the cabins are ventilated. How often would passengers give up all the finery which surrounds them for a mouthful of that article so grudgingly dispensed in steamers—fresh air!

CHEAP lodging-houses for the poor have been established in Glasgow, with great success; and the number is about to be increased in different parts of the city. In the original establishment beds are furnished for 3d., and breakfast and supper for 2d. From the end of June to the end of August, the inmates have been—males, 2,399; females, 152; married couples, 113; and the numbers are steadily increasing.

THE QUEEN'S COLLEGE FOR GOVERNESSES.—This new college, (so named by royal permission,) having been completed, will be opened for academical proceedings in the ensuing month, for which the most eminent professors have been engaged. Its objects are to place female education upon a proper basis, and to grant diplomas and certificates of their qualifications to governesses to enable them to produce satisfactory evidence of their merits, and where the less competent can obtain an adequate and orderly preparation for their work.

He who calls reason to his aid only in the moment of need, will have less confidence in her. And thus it is also with religion. The instrument does not make the artist, but practice. Of what avail is the arsenal to him who has never fired a gun? The enemy are upon him before he can put his weapon in position, and bring it to bear upon them. But can one who has made religion and wisdom the daily companions of his life ever be placed in such circumstances of doubt and peril that he will feel himself forsaken by these trusty friends? —*Jacobs.*

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